

# ELAIS

Point out the " Way "—however dimly,  
and lost among the host—as does the evening  
star to those who tread their path in darkness.  
—*The Voice of the Silence.*

## THE ARYAN PATH

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### EDUCATION FOR LEISURE

Leisure, down the ages, has been the luxury—often the ruin—of the few; the El Dorado of the toiling crowd. Now factories have brought it at least potentially within the reach of all. Actually, though the ranks of those suffering from surfeit of leisure have been greatly augmented by the involuntarily unemployed, grinding toil for long hours daily is still the lot of countless millions more. Storm Jameson, whose serious and provocative mind has influenced British thought, analyses the problem keenly in the following article. She presents a choice between the age of leisure and the loss of all. She takes us on to the Delectable Mountains and shows us the Celestial City, though she does not show us how to energize ourselves to enter in. She does, however, give a valuable prescription to fit us for the age of leisure if and when we do enter it—education with a threefold object: to enable

one to know one's place in civilization; to give one creative skill which will ensure joy in work; to kindle eagerness for the pursuit of truth.

We hope that appreciation of the past which the first object is to inculcate will not stop, as is so often the case, with Greek civilization. The Greeks themselves, to use Miss Jameson's telling phrase, were no "poor lost rootless men". Greek culture was firmly rooted in the older civilizations of Egypt and the ancient East. It is to-day that tap root stretching down into those culture strata of the past which alone can keep the tree of modern civilization from toppling to the earth before the present hurricane of stress and change. To paraphrase St. Paul, "The leaves cannot say to the root, we have no need of thee!" The open-minded study of the past alone can cure our modern arrogance and our absurd assurance that today's dictum is the final word.

To know where we stand in civilization is to recognize the place of the present moment in the temporal scheme—a mote in a measured and endless succession of motes that drift across a beam of steady light; no more important in its fleeting visibility than the motes that preceded and will follow it. The present stands to past and future in the relation of a trusted friend, administrator of the past that has gone and guardian of its progeny, the years to come. We hold in trust for the future the bequest of past civilizations. We cannot render a good account of our stewardship if we disprize the legacy or undervalue it.

One or more of the above objects of education is given lip assent to by every modern pedagogue, and yet the schools turn out, year after year, an ever-growing host sure that their place is in the van of progress, equipped with no creative skill and blandly willing to take their views as they buy their clothes, ready-made, cut to conform with fashion's latest whim.

The reason is not far to seek. Strange as it may sound, science stands in the way of real educational reform, though not so much, nor so directly, as organized religions do. In modern Russia we have a science-run State; and yet its criminals and its underworld exist and will persist as those of other States. Modern science, when not preaching mechanistic determinism, talks about a universe of chance and accident.

When Causation is on the throne, human will is declared a slave; when the tyrant is dethroned the rule is proclaimed, not of will, but of indeterminable caprice. Between such views of science and those of religions which worship a Personal God whose Machiavellian ways are shrouded in black mystery, what chance is there for men and women in their homes, shops or clubs to develop real initiative?

Ours is a race of blind believers. Man takes his knowledge of the universe from science, his religious beliefs from the priest, his politics from his party organ, his ethics from his social set; conformity is his god. Vows are an anachronism; credos and shibboleths—religious, scientific, political, social—have taken their place. Need we wonder that Miss Jameson's high pressure salesman finds it easy to beat down the resistance of prospective customers who have never learned to form their own opinions or defend them? That does not excuse deliberately overpowering a weaker will in order to make a sale. A truer scale of values would recognize such activity as little, if any, less antisocial than, say, thuggee.

The artificial stimulation of demand may be necessary to keep up our boasted high standard of living, but to what avail? That standard itself results largely from energy, deflected from independent mental effort, seeking an outlet in the feverish mechanical activity which characterizes our civilization. How can we set a proper

value on leisure when *doing* is at such a premium, *being* at a discount? Faster and faster human feet turn the treadmill, and the power generated turns out unnecessary gadgets, enervating comforts, needless luxuries in ever-swelling volume. Something better! Something new!

We submit that reformed education should make the rising generation recognize, for what it is, the mess of pottage for which the present generation has sold its birthright, so that, along with

their effective demand for reasonable leisure, they may assert their own inalienable right to think and, thinking, grow.

To pursue truth, to enjoy labour, to find one's place in the scheme of things, a philosophy of living is needed—a philosophy other than the mechanistic one of science or the mystifying one of ordinary religions.

Thoughtful people will find much food for reflection in the article of Miss Storm Jameson which immediately follows.

## LEISURE

Common knowledge assures us that we have reached a stage—of technical and scientific wit—which would allow us to feed, house and clothe well and with little labour a greater number than those now living on the earth. This chance is ours by inheritance from the efforts of many men. A common instinct revolts against the senseless wastes, the unchecked and unsocial greeds (for power or wealth), which rob us of our inheritance. A common will, to administer our estate as a careful housewife cherishes her family, is yet lacking. Yet so many are our powers, and we have lately grown so ingenious, that wealth is forced on us. It is heaped up in vaults, it goes to market abroad (leaving many starving at home) and is the occasion of savage rivalry between nations, that is, between great inter-

ests giving themselves the names of nations. This rivalry could issue in disaster of a foul kind if it should not be prevented.

So that there are only two ways before us. One continues an irresponsible social anarchy to war and the death of society. The other opens to us in the moment we decide to use our inheritance—our clever machines, the inventions of many heads, and our latest-won powers—as good stewards and not, as now, for the profit of a few. A short naming of these two ways is Leisure or Anarchy. Another might be Man or Machine.

It is plain now, to any choosing to look, that machines are valued far above men. You may go into any power station and there see the magnificent steel monsters cared for by one or two minders, and again go out into the streets and

find everywhere men of all ages, even children, rotting from disuse. The reason you will be given is that it does not pay to use these men. Humanity is rated very low in the table of social values.

From this it is a short step to all those systems of thought and political forms which look on the individual as a mere thing of the State, within the narrowest limits compelled to do the will of the State, that is, of the State's head, of the Leader, the Dictator. The most benevolent of these social organisms can have no purpose more to their point than making obedient citizens. It is well if they should also be contented, but obedient they must be. Thus the model of all such societies, of whatever political colour, is that of the ant heap. Another sign for our two roads might then be Sons of God or Ants.

The choice is between a reasoned use of our great inheritance or an irrational squandering and at last loss of it. We should choose to believe that reason, with the help of grace (without which reason is cold and dark), will triumph. Then we are on the step of an age of leisure. Two or three months work in the year (or a shorter time) will, when all our resources are wisely used and directed, provide the ample necessities of our life. That is, the material necessities, good food and clothing, dignified houses, clean air. A wide leisure remains to every one of us.

"You will use it," says a cold voice, "in cinemas, cheap reading, dog-racing, and idleness." No

doubt I should, if my imagination had not, from the earliest age, had other food offered to it.

This fear that men will waste their leisure is blind and foolish. It does not see that the scarcely mitigated toil in which many of us spend our lives from youth to age is as crushing to the mind and spirit as any of the forms of amusement evolved to please a people which has forgotten how to please itself, in play or in work. And it forgets, or pretends to forget, that the wit and curiosity given to each soul at birth can be as easily shaped in it to a good growth as choked out of it by purposeless education, ignorance, insecurity and exhausting labour, delivering it up helpless to the purveyors of mental and spiritual degradation in every kind. (The place which advertising has usurped in our social economy is one mark of this degradation.)

To fit us for leisure our notions must be revised. I would not if I could make education free (as it should be) to every child, irrespective of its birth, unless I might at the same time change the manner and purpose of education root and branch. To begin with, I must have every child a learner until he is at the youngest eighteen or twenty. From then he will never cease to learn. His learning shall have three chief ends. The first is to show him that he stands in a current flowing through him from the past to the future. The literature and documents of the past, wisely opened to him, are the maps by which he learns his place,

in another sense than that intended by the authors of the phrase. Whether he is to become an engineer, a scientist or a farmer, he is the richer for knowing his way in another country, and that his own. Civilisation is itself a tradition.

There are other and valuable ways of keeping that continuity with the past which is necessary if we are not to become all poor lost rootless men. The change-over from older to new methods in industry made a rude break in our tradition. A vast deal of skill and wit has been lost in the process. The old peasant woman who works in my house has a dozen country crafts at her disposal, useful and beautiful, which she learned in her youth. Her grand-daughter is dependent on the cinema for her interest and on other forms of mass production for all her other needs.

This is the second end of right education—to breed craftsmen. I would have every boy and girl taught thoroughly a craft. Master craftsmen respect one another, and respect is a firm ground for a society. In the long practice of a craft the creative spirit of man is released, the same spirit which even now, under the dreadful weight of ugliness, squalor and poverty, tends a handful of flowers in the back yard of a slum. In the age of leisure, the meaning shall be restored to these words: "to work is joy". In present conditions few of us find any joy in our work: we work too long each day, for too many days

and years, at repetitive tasks. This is one of the heaviest losses inflicted on the human spirit by the spread of a mechanical civilisation. The many and diverse amusements—the wireless, the cinema, cheap cars—with which we can fill such leisure as we have been able to save from the machine, and the increase in comfort and ease, are no payment for what we have lost, the wish and the power to make with our hands and brains what is useful, pleasant, and fine. My old peasant making loganberry jelly or working in wool and canvas a design of flowers copied from nature lives a life filled with the deep excitement of creation—she is the true heir of the master craftsmen of the great cathedrals. A civilisation (already within reach) which gives every human being his own bathroom, central heating, aeroplane, wireless, and ample leisure, will be a wretched failure if its heirs are not workers for pleasure. I judge that education a failure which does not discover and bring to its full growth the instinct to create which is natural in us. By this test, our present method of education fails wretchedly.

The third ground of right education is to foster natural curiosity and, through curiosity, respect for truth and reverence for life. The rigorous pursuit of truth by the individual is lower in favour in the world now than it has been for some time, but it is occupation for many lifetimes and an age of leisure—such an age as the world will enjoy if it escapes the worst punishment of our present irreverence.

The division, in the leisureless state, of work into two chief sorts—mechanical and repetitive work done by a class of inefficient because human robots, and intelligent or creative work—is at least as harmful to the creative individuals as to the stunted machine-herds. The whole of society is infected by the existence of slave classes. Their mere existence is a source of fear, hatred and ugliness issuing in the fouling of the air and the defacement of the country. Beside that a certain amount of manual or routine work is necessary for intellectual health. In a fortunately governed society only the rarest exceptions will be made to the rule requiring all able persons to share in the routine work needed to provide the goods and services which the community needs.

Just as, through our reckless pursuit of money profit, we fail to use our present technical resources to the full, so we often misuse those we employ. There is no human purpose to be served in elaborating machinery, as now, for the production and over-production of what are called novelties or, more ironically, improvements. The world is cluttered up with labour-saving devices which do not save so much labour as they cost, with varieties of tinned and patent foods differing from one another only by the label, with newer versions of what is neither worn out nor inefficient. A vast parasitic army is engaged in the various branches of salesmanship to lie, cozen, and intimidate people into

buying what they do not need, did not desire and will be no happier for possessing. We are fortunate that no enterprising merchant has yet begun a campaign to persuade us that steel crutches are better for us than using our legs. In the age of leisure, those of us who crave many useless possessions will probably have to make them—and at that they will cease to be useless.

For one who from first youth has been trained to use mind and senses to the finest purpose, no lifetime can be too long. The exercise of his powers, or the perfecting of one of them, whether he wishes to walk, fly, speak foreign languages, write poetry, play and hear music, invent an aeroplane or a sauce, or meditate, will cost him his life. Now, if he is not so wretched that leisure is forced on him in the ghastly shape of unemployment, he has often to choose between living in poverty in order to have time for some work he wishes to do more than he wishes to eat or travel, and giving so much time to earning his wages that he can live only in the fag-ends of days. By either way he is cheated. There is no virtue in a forced starvation and no savour in working only to live. For the first time in human history, leisure, with all that we need for our physical life, is within our reach, at a price. Equally possible to us is the fitting of our minds and souls to enjoy long leisure as a musician enjoys the practice of his art.

STORM JAMESON

## POETRY AND COMMON SENSE

### I. THE POET AS DREAMER

[ The work of **L. A. G. Strong**, poet, novelist and critic, has an attraction all its own. Essentially a poet, "he cannot help," as Mr. Gerald Gould writes, "being a better workman for it in all departments of life—a better navvy, or a better novelist". In this essay the poet offers the results of some original thinking on the use and the value of poetry in the life of the people. ]

In this first instalment Mr. Strong compares poetry-symbols with dream-symbols. Dreams represent but states of human consciousness and dream-states are experienced in waking consciousness. Thus day-dreams may be idle fancy, or may result in profound vision of some aspect of Reality. The poet, who rising to high vision in waking life, gazes directly upon ideas and penetrates them with his intuition, passes through the experience of the Soul in the pure state of Sushupti, called the dreamless state, because the dreamer is not able to remember his dreams on his return to waking life. Symbolical or allegorical dreams are of two kinds: (1) Hazy glimpses of realities caught by the brain and distorted by our fancy; and (2) Clear vision of realities impressed on our brains by the self-conscious intelligence using his divine faculty of imagination. These two kinds of dream-experiences have their correspondences in the work of the poets.

There is a reference to psycho-analysts: exactly as they fail to interpret all dreams because they deal with the inter-relation of normal consciousness with sub-consciousness only, in contradistinction to super-consciousness, the nature and very existence of which are unknown to them—so also any attempt at interpreting poetry by psycho-analytic methods will fail. Great genius is not tinctured with madness in spite of the dictum of Seneca. The key of dreams is necessary, both for understanding poetic inspiration and for interpreting poetic symbols but the explanations of Asiatic Psychology as to what the different kinds of dreams are should be taken into account. We may draw the reader's attention to p. 160 of the last issue of **THE ARYAN PATH**, which contains an important clue for a correct grasp of this subject.—EDS.]

When, a couple of years ago, I published a small book entitled *Common Sense about Poetry*, there were a certain number of people to whom the title seemed paradoxical, if not actually blasphemous. Poetry they felt to be a thing apart: a sacred mystery: subject to no mental process but that which, for want of a better name, we call inspiration. Poetry was inspired, and therefore an infinite distance beyond the tainting breath of common sense.

I agree with such people that

poetry is inspired. Where I differ from them is in maintaining that it is precisely in matters of inspiration that we have most need of common sense. The most vital inspiration in our lives, whatever form it chooses, is our religion: and in religion, be it never so transcendental, we freely admit the need for common sense. The whole practical difficulty of religion is to make inspiration transform the common task, to learn to express our inspiration in the necessary terms of everyday life.

This is a task which calls for all the sense we can muster,—often for a good deal more. We use our native wit, our common sense, for the *interpretation* of our religion. My book, as are these pages, was concerned with the interpretation of poetry. I approached poetry, quite simply, as an ordinary reader. No matter whether we write poetry or not, we are obliged to approach the poetry of every living creature except ourselves as readers. And for this approach we need all our common sense.

To think of poetry as an inscrutable mystery, to be savoured only by the emotions and in moments of solemn exaltation, is generally the sign of an amateur mind; by which I mean an inexperienced mind. Adolescents first in love consider nothing but Romance. They are right; but, as they soon find out, common sense more than anything else is needed if romance is to be preserved. It can and should be preserved, for we are given our inspirations that we may live up to them: and we are given our common sense to show the way. In love, the grocer's bills, the household affairs, the petty clash of preference, the hundred and one little everyday difficulties, are romance's most dangerous enemies. All these lie within the scope of common sense. If the lovers rely only upon their ecstasies, and do not call in the aid of common sense to subdue these petty difficulties, then romance is in for a hard time. It is the same with religion, or with poetry. No inspired activity of man can do

without the fullest support of his native wit. The greatest of living poets has expressed the matter once for all. Says Dr. W. B. Yeats:—

We must not make a false faith by hiding from our thoughts the causes of doubt, for faith is the highest achievement of the human intellect, the only gift man can make to God, and therefore it must be offered in sincerity. Neither must we create, by hiding ugliness, a false beauty as our offering to the world.

It will therefore be apparent that we may exalt common sense without decrying inspiration. Common sense is no substitute for religion or for poetry or for love, but it is indispensable for the health and maintenance of all three.

I do not of course mean to suggest that the study of poetry can ever be easy, or that common sense will ever take us to the heart of it. We can never fully understand a great poem till we know as much about it and about life as the poet knew when he wrote it. It must be remembered, too, that poets do not write for putative readers. They write for themselves. Their language is not addressed to convince us of anything. It is not the language of the sermon, which is rhetoric. It is the language of the spirit, which is incantation. Many people go astray in their consideration of poetry through looking at it as a means of communication chosen by the poet in order to speak to them. This is mere impertinence. How can we expect, by the exercise of our unaided wits, at a few readings, to understand a thought that may be the consummation of the great mind which,

after years of service, has seen it in a flash of inspiration. As a thinker the poet is usually far ahead of his time. Has any ordinary reader the arrogance to demand that the poet, upon some hard-won mount of transfiguration, shall stoop to remember him; edit his vision so that he may understand it? It would not be so in the case of any of the exact sciences to which men defer readily. Why should it be so here? The poet was not thinking of us upon his mountain. Yet he leaves his poem for readers, to understand if they can: and, since they cannot match his inspiration, it behoves them all the more to begin at the other, the humbler end, use common sense to approach the problem rightly, and to fit themselves for its solution.

At this point many will think the task sounds too much like work. To these may profitably be spoken what Shakespeare made Henry V say to his men on the eve of Agincourt:—

Proclaim it through my host  
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,  
Let him depart.

For a fight it is. Like everything else worth achieving, the understanding of poetry must be fought for and won. It is not easy. Some fine poetry can be understood immediately on the first reading; but this is a small proportion only, and it usually is so understood for reasons which will be outlined shortly.

When a poem is difficult to understand, the difficulty will usually fall under one of three

main headings. The syntax of the poem may be obscure; that is to say, it may be difficult to disentangle subjects and predicates, and see which clause refers to what. This kind of difficulty is the rarest in good work, since it is usually a sign of incompetence or of problems imperfectly solved. Where it occurs, it may be due to ellipsis, owing to the speed of the thought and the haste with which the rich metaphors flashed crowding on the poet's mind. Most of the obscurities in Shakespeare are due to ellipsis. Difficulties of syntax occur in the work of such poets as Browning and Hardy, who favour inversions which often leave a doubt as to their meaning. On the whole, however, this is the easiest form of obscurity to penetrate, and the least common. We have been told times out of number that modern poets are difficult, and this complaint, which echoes all down the ages, will nine times out of ten be due to the unfamiliarity of the thought expressed. Poets, as I suggested just now, are generally ahead of their time. Unless their work is strictly traditional, their thought, and the individual language in which it is expressed, will be some distance ahead of the immediate apprehension of their readers. This is, and always has been, a difficulty of new poetry. We are all familiar with the elderly and cultured man who picks up some classical poet and says, "This is the stuff for me. These modern fellows, you can't make out what they're at. I call their stuff cross-

word puzzles, not poetry. There's no beauty in it. I don't know what it means. Keats now, or Shelley, that's the stuff for me. I can understand that. Why don't these young men write like that?"

We have all heard this complaint. Our fathers heard it, and our grandfathers, and our great-grandfathers. The critic forgets an important consideration, which is (as Miss Sitwell has so often and so patiently pointed out) that that work of Shelley and Keats was written over a hundred years ago. The thoughts which it expresses have been made familiar to him by a hundred years of understanding on the part of others. The discoveries of these young by-gone poets are no longer new. The critic has had time to catch up on them. He has had, figuratively speaking, a hundred years in which to get used to the language of Keats and Shelley, to accommodate himself to their view of the world and their way of expressing it. He forgets, too, that Keats and Shelley in their day were abused for the precise qualities of incomprehensibility and lack of beauty with which he charges the young poets of to-day. To instance this is by no means to assert that the young poets of to-day are the equals of Keats and Shelley, or that their work is invariably beautiful. It is merely to point out that the difficulties of our imaginary critic are not evidence one way or the other. Accustomed to the old, he has found the new difficult, as has happened to every generation since the first

son went one better than his father. There are several ways in which a new thought may be difficult, when it is expressed in poetry. The first is that it will nearly always be expressed symbolically. More than half the difficulty in all poetry is bound up with this question of symbolism. When the syntax of a verse is perfectly plain, when it states a grammatically logical relation of subject to predicate, and we still cannot understand it, the difficulty is usually due to symbolism. Usually, but not invariably. When Blake, for instance, says:—

The caterpillar on the leaf  
Repeats to thee thy mother's grief,

while we may not at once know what he means, we feel tolerably sure that he means what he says, *i.e.*, that the caterpillar is a caterpillar, the leaf a leaf, and the mother a mother. At other times, however, we feel uneasily that the persons and images of the poem get their meaning and their relationship not from themselves, but from what they stand for. When we reach this point, our difficulty is unfairly increased by the fact that there is no standard dictionary of symbols to which we can refer. Dr. Jung, it is true, and, subject to certain qualifications, Dr. Freud, offer to provide us with such a dictionary, but we cannot always accept the offer with confidence, and even if one or both of these psychologists were right, we meet a further difficulty, which is that the symbolism of most artists is private to themselves. Certain associations, which may

well turn out to be vital to any understanding of a poet's work, are the products of his personal experience.

At this point an analogy may be useful. A lorry, laden with loose sheets of corrugated iron, passes along a suburban road at two in the morning. The hideous clatter which it makes rouses some sleepers altogether. On a few fortunate others, who are deep asleep, it produces no impression at all. The remainder hear the noise, but it does not wake them. It reaches their minds under the guise of a dream, which is different in the case of each sleeper. A retired naval officer dreams that he is engaged in a prolonged sea fight. His daughter, who keeps house for him, and finds a difficulty in making his pension meet expenses, dreams that the new maid has dropped the laden breakfast tray down the kitchen stairs and smashed all the crockery upon it. A self-conscious young man dreams that he is watching a football match in which his college or hospital is playing. He has a police rattle in his hand, which he whirls to encourage his side. Suddenly it gets out of control, and whirls on and on by itself, making so loud a noise that the whole game stops, and spectators and players all look at him accusingly. An old gentleman dreams that his grandson, whom he had occasion to rebuke the day before, is persistently banging the door to annoy him.

All these dreams are interpretations of the original disturbance in

the road. Each one of them is a dramatisation of it in terms appropriate to the dreamer's mind; that is to say, in symbols. Each dreamer is aware of the disturbance *in terms of a personal symbolism*.

Needless to say, this is an exceedingly crude illustration, and all symbols are not so easily determined. The point I am anxious to emphasise is that symbol has originally a connection with objective reality, even though that connection be arbitrarily determined in the individual. Sometimes the individual is aware of the connection, sometimes not. Sometimes he only learns about it afterwards. For instance, a man who has been long and anxiously debating about a business choice, where two courses lie open to him, goes to sleep with the problem still unresolved. During his sleep he dreams that he is watching a fight between a lion and a tiger. The fight is long and fierce, but in the end the tiger wins decisively. Next morning the man wakes up to find that his problem is solved and his mind clearly made up as to the course to take. What has happened is that his mind has solved it symbolically during sleep. The tiger represented one choice, the lion the other. While the man watched them fight, he had no idea at all of their significance, nor any memory of his problem.

It is obvious from this that a great deal of poetry in which symbols play a part is going to be made clear for us once we can find out what the symbols stand for in the

poet's mind. It is equally obvious that a great deal of poetry is going to remain unintelligible to us, unless we can find out what the symbols stand for. This does not mean that fine poetry is ever simply a puzzle. There are criteria by which it can be detected, even if it be not immediately understood. Professor Housman, in his recent book, *The Name and Nature of Poetry*, confesses that for him the chief criterion is physical. There will always be a certain number of finely attuned minds which will respond intuitively to any poetry, however difficult, provided it be genuine. Full understanding may come later—though, according to Professor Housman, this is less important, since he contends that poetry is not the thing said, but a way of saying it: a statement which we shall have shortly to examine.

Mr. Robert Graves is the first poet or critic known to me to go boldly out for the interpretation of personal symbols, and to apply to poetry something of the technique of psycho-analysis. This he was obliged to do, since he sees the source of poetry in conflict. The few lines following are taken from his most stimulating and original book, *On English Poetry*.

The poet is consciously or unconsciously always either taking in or giving out; he hears, observes, weighs, guesses, condenses, idealizes, and the new ideas troop quietly into his mind until suddenly every now and again two of them violently quarrel and drag into the fight a group of other ideas that have been loitering about at the back of his mind for years; there is great excitement, noise and bloodshed,

with finally a reconciliation and drinks all round. The poet writes a tactful police report on the affair and there is the poem.

Or, to put it in a more sober form:—

When conflicting issues disturb his mind which in its conscious state is unable to reconcile them logically, the poet acquires the habit of self-hypnotism as practised by the witch doctors, his ancestors in poetry.

You will notice that he says self-hypnotism, *i. e.*, putting oneself to sleep, getting into the condition in which he can dream; in which the conflicting issues can dramatise themselves into symbols. Mr. Graves goes on, "He learns in self-protection to take pen and paper and let the pen solve the hitherto insoluble problem which has caused the disturbance."

I do not wish to emphasise this theory unduly, because after all it is probably only one side of the infinitely complex activity of poetic composition. But there is no doubt that sometimes it yields extraordinary results. These results often astonish the poet as much as anybody else, for he need not be, and often is not, consciously aware of the problem which his poem states or solves. I may perhaps be allowed to give an almost indecently personal example of this process from my own work. Some years ago, without understanding why, I wrote the following poem.

I turned and gave my strength to woman,  
Leaving untilled the stubborn field.  
Sinew and soul are gone to win her,  
Slow, and most perilous, her yield.  
The son I got stood up beside me,  
With fire and quiet beauty filled;  
He looked upon me, then he looked  
Upon the field I had not tilled.

He kissed me, and went forth to labour.  
Where lonely tilth and moorland meet  
A gull above the ploughshare hears  
The ironic song of our defeat.

When I wrote this, I saw no more than the picture and the drama which it literally presents. Why I wrote it, and what it meant, I did not discover till at least two years afterwards. I was at the time in love with a girl who grudged any attention on my part that was not given to her. She liked me to write, so long as what I wrote was addressed to her, and I foresaw uneasily that, if our lives were joined, she would become the enemy of my work, be jealous of it, or seek to turn it into channels which would be commercially profitable, and therefore to her advantage. She, then, was obviously the woman of the poem. "The stubborn field" which I left untilled was my work, from which I turned aside in order to win her. What would be the result of winning her? Children: and I foresaw my son, in whom should be transmuted the fire of her nature and the ambition of mine, standing up and mutely reproaching me for the work which I had not done, "the field I had not tilled".

The poem ends where tilth and moorland meet (moorland because I was brought up on Dartmoor—personal symbol again), with the picture of the boy singing bitterly of what has ended in the defeat of both. Defeat because I, leaving undone what I should have done, have left it for him to try and catch up, instead of going on and

surpassing me. (The gull in the poem is probably the white bird of Celtic mythology, the white bird of the soul.) This poem, as will be obvious in the light of these facts, stated with embarrassing and even brutal clearness a conflict of which I, in my intoxicated condition of mind, was only subconsciously aware. When I wrote the poem, I did not know its meaning. I saw only the picture; the symbols, the dream figures, which stood for the actual antagonists in the conflict. When poems thus conceived move us as we read them, it is because they have attained a beauty in the world of values, from which we dimly apprehend the agonies and the conflict behind them.

A far nobler illustration is the following poem by the great Irish mystic A. E. It would be safe to wager that ninety-nine readers out of a hundred would be unable to say precisely at a first reading what it meant, yet no one of sensibility could fail to realise at once that it is the shadow thrown by something significant and beautiful.

#### THE OUTCAST.

Sometimes when alone  
At the dark close of day,  
Men meet an outlawed majesty  
And hurry away.  
They come to the lighted house;  
They talk to their dear;  
They crucify the mystery  
With words of good cheer.  
When love and life are over,  
And flight's at an end,  
On the outcast majesty  
They lean as a friend.

This brings us to the most important axiom of all. The finest poetry can never be translated out of its own terms.

L. A. G. STRONG

## YOUNG INDIA AND THE RELIGIOUS PROBLEM

[The modern Indian phase of the age-old conflict between religions and Religion is sketched in the following article by **D. S. Ramachandra Rao, M. A., M. B. Ch. B., M. D.**, a member of the Senate of Mysore University with a distinguished career in the varied fields of education, medicine, literature and politics. During the World War, while serving on the staff of a London hospital, he carried the message of Indian culture and social ideals in lectures to the British and Colonial troops; in 1931-32, Dr. Ramachandra Rao lectured widely in the United States of America on "India's Gospel of Non-Violence and the World Peace". His strictures on the harmful influence of creeds and dogmas are applicable far beyond the Indian situation.—Eds.]

It is common knowledge that some of the most heinous crimes, blood-curdling cruelties and unspeakable barbarities in the annals of the world have been perpetrated and justified with self-complacency in the name of religion. The world would have been happier had the monster of religious fanaticism not been let loose to work mischief among credulous people. Yet religion has been hailed as the harbinger of peace on earth and good-will to men! Sad, alas, has been the contrast between the ideal and the actual—and humanity has all along been groping in the dark, blunderingly feeling its way towards the ideal.

There has been nothing in history which religious bigotry and fanaticism have not attempted and to some extent achieved, except perhaps universal love. While coming to birth as a spiritual affair, concerning itself solely with the hearts of men, religion soon became the victim of an organisation manipulated by priesthood. Doctrines undreamt of by the founders crept into religious belief and superstitions distorted religious practices. Even to-day many absurd

things are taught and practised in the name of religion which would be discountenanced straight away were they advocated in the furtherance of any other cause. Anything and everything is condoned on religious considerations, and highly intellectual people often hold most contradictory views and become credulous the moment they touch the religious sphere.

We are called upon to solve in this country what seems to be a world problem. We have practically all the religions of the world professed in India. It has been a common practice in this country to cry ourselves hoarse over our religious achievements. "We are a religious people and we are more righteous than the materialistic people of the West," has been our slogan both in the press and on the platform. We have deemed our political negation and economic backwardness not at all comparable with the glory of being the children of a land where faith is professed and every species of belief upheld. In spite of our servitude and humiliation we somehow have mustered courage to carry our heads high on the plea

that our religious tolerance has made India the heir of much of the religious experience of the world! For the moment we have betaken ourselves to the plane of other-worldliness and considered ourselves immensely rich in spite of heart-rending poverty on the material plane.

But the generation that gloated over the spiritual achievements of India has nearly passed away. A new generation is here. If less introspective and less sentimental than its predecessor, it is more matter-of-fact. It is swayed by modern ideas and stung with the thought of its own humiliation. It is in the grip of the present: the past does not count; the future does not hold out any hope. It scorns to draw on the credit of its ancestors and take shelter under cover of their achievements. It is madly desirous of transforming India into a modern State. Maybe it is hankering after the flesh-pots of Europe!

Impatient with the old ways of doing things it has lost faith in justice and gradual political emancipation. The hitherto fashionable programme of constitutional advancement no longer has any attraction for the more enthusiastic among the rising generation, who believe that the future of the country lies in their own hands, not in those of foreigners, however well meaning they be. They think the freedom of the country can be attained only through national unity and racial solidarity. For when the tide of nationalism rose high, and clever and honest political

manœuvering was about to clinch the issue in India's favour, did not ugly communal interests show their heads, blasting the hope of Indian freedom, for the time being at all events?

Religious fanaticism of the deepest dye has been colouring our national outlook. To the question "Who are you?" the inevitable answer in this country is "I am a Hindu, a Brahmin, a Muslim, a Christian, a Sikh, or a Parsee." The late Moulana Mohammad Ali, at the height of his nationalism, is said to have declared "I am Mohammedan first and Indian next." Some of Gandhiji's more ardent disciples interpret his sayings on Sanatana-dharma so as to claim him to be Hindu first and Indian next. How many are there among the leaders of the country who can be said to be Indians first and everything else next?

Is it any wonder then that Young India, imbued as it is with strong national spirit, has revolted against religion and its implications? That fact was brought home to me during my recent sojourn in the West. A young man travelled with me in the same compartment as far as Madras. He had been abroad and was then in service. He was quite an intelligent man, well-informed and patriotic. When I touched on the question of Indian freedom he flew into a rage and insisted that unless we do away with religion we can never hope to be a free nation. The conversation with him gave me food for reflection on my voyage. On my arrival in London I was invited to

attend a meeting of Indians resident there. Most of them were young men and women engaged in post-graduate studies, quite enamoured of European culture and realism. The second Round Table Conference was then in session with Gandhiji as the leader of the advanced section of Indian nationalism. All eyes were fixed on him, and his name and message were on the lips of every thinking man and woman in that great city. A British lady, a friend of India and quite well meaning, asked the young Indians at the meeting to suggest some constructive plan or something that would strengthen the hands of Gandhiji in his work for India's freedom. Many young men responded to the call and spoke with freedom and candour. "Be done with religion and win India's freedom," was the burden of their hopes and speeches.

A fascinating young girl spoke, with all the depth of conviction which her youth could inspire. She spoke feelingly and eloquently, decrying religious snobbery and the stupidity of the older generation of India for having thrown away through bigotry and religious inadaptability the chance of a lifetime to win their country's freedom. I met precisely the same spirit with regard to religion amongst the Indians in the United States of America. Eager, thoughtful young people voted for the destruction of every semblance of religion prior to the launching of a constructive programme with any hope of success in India.

On my return voyage a young

Sikh was on board. He kept to his typical Sikh dress just to please his father, he assured me. He was interested in photography and got acquainted with an officer whose tastes, too, lay in that direction. The latter was a Britisher, a much travelled man with an open mind on many problems. "I was once very conservative and could swear by our British institutions," confessed the ship's officer to the Sikh youth, "but I recently visited Russia and have since become a convinced Socialist. Russia is attempting something big, something wonderful: she has already achieved a great deal. Everything is sacrificed there for the well-being of the nation." "That's it. Socialism is the thing for India!" exclaimed the Sikh. "You speak of Socialism, you who dare not remove the turban to humour your orthodox parents?" retorted the ship's officer. "Russian Socialism is of a thoroughgoing kind; it is drastic. Socialism has no chance in India so long as religion makes the people fly at each other's throats. You are at best in a state of armed neutrality. Religion must go out for freedom to come in." My young Sikh friend took it in. The next morning he started discussion with a Hindu student about the possibility of banishing religion from his Motherland! These are just a few instances to show which way the wind is blowing.

That the finest elements of the race should rebel against orthodoxy is indeed a hopeful sign. To save the situation, we must be prepared to reckon with facts. Young

India is bent on creating a new India. The Young Congress Party of the Punjab has recently issued a manifesto on the eve of forming a new National Party. "Orthodox fanaticism and bigotry hold sway in social and religious spheres, and selfishness, corruption and chicanery hold sway in economic and political spheres. We shall wage ruthless war against all these evils and shall have no rest till we have destroyed them." The manifesto needs no comment. What is true of the Punjab is true of the rest of India.

Young India is wide awake: its imagination has been fired and its heart stirred. The steel of subjection has entered into its soul. It is determined to be free. It has realised that religion, as practised in India to-day, stands in the way of national solidarity, thwarting the attainment of the goal. Therefore it declares in unequivocal terms, "Down with religion; up with the nation!"

If the truth be confessed, religion has marred India but it has also made her! Some of India's priceless treasures are to be found in her religious thought and literature. It would be a national calamity to lose them for either economic gain or political advance-

ment. Young India must be made to see that it is the *excrescences* on religion and the *interpretations* of its doctrines that cause the present-day chaos—and that at heart religion is sound.

Religion must be reformed. Young India will not be satisfied unless a true critical spirit pervades the religious sphere, and emphasis is laid on ethical conduct rather than on verbal precept, empty speculation and degrading ritualism. Some religious genius, actuated by the wonderful tolerant spirit of the great Akbar, should dominate Indian national life. The days of orthodoxy are numbered here as elsewhere. But the heterodox reformers are treading slippery ground. They are not sure of their goal. Only the spirit of reason and enlightenment can save the situation.

From the dawn of history India has laboriously, patiently and enthusiastically sought after Truth. Religion is a way of apprehending Truth. And Truth shall make India free. If religions have been breaking India to pieces, irreligion cannot, surely, remake her. It will set ablaze the thousand and one inhumanities that have long been smouldering under the ashes of religions. India needs to-day less of religions, but more of Religion.

D. S. RAMACHANDRA RAO

## MITHRAISM AND CHRISTIANITY

[ Until recently Dr. F. Saxl, was Honorary Professor of the History of Art at the University of Hamburg. He has been the Director of the Warburg Institute now located in London. He hails from Germany, is a recognized authority on the subject he writes upon, and is the author of a volume on Mithra and another on the forms of artistic expression in late paganism and early Christianity. ]

The birth of the Mysteries of Mithra is lost in antiquity; how exactly they originated in old Iran and came to occupy so important a place is not certainly known. Ages elapsed before they reached Europe. Doubtless many changes and corruptions took place during the travel and in the passage of centuries. The reader should keep the fact in mind that this article deals with the Mysteries as they were enacted in the last period—that of their decline and death.—Eds.]

It is only a short time ago that the first important Mithraic sanctuary was excavated on Asiatic soil. This seems strange considering that Mithra was a god of the great Asiatic-Indo-Germanic age. It appears less strange in view of the fact that Mithraism developed as a world historical power only on entering European territory at the beginning of the Christian era. The development of Mithraism therefore ran parallel to that of Christianity, both originating in the East, both expanding at the same time and in the same area, round the Mediterranean basin during the later periods of ancient civilisation. Both were the heirs of Hellenism—they contended for world sovereignty with each other.

This circumstance seems inconceivable to-day. It seems inconceivable that our world, now become Christian and ignorant of bloody immolation, should have become Mithraic and subject to the sacrifice of the bull god.

It may seem useless to speculate on the consequences of such a victory of Mithra over Christ—our

conception of history will not allow events to be imagined different from what they actually were,—but it certainly is not useless, nay, it is even necessary for our thinking and our understanding of life, to ask how it has come to pass that Christianity became the religion of Europe and of a great part of the remaining world down to this day. What were the causes of its victory? In order to answer satisfactorily this difficult question we ought to try and understand the essence of Mithraism. It is difficult to do this concisely; the more so as the conceptions of its character, even those of the most expert scholars, are still indistinct. Mithraism was a mystery religion which bound its adherents to utter secrecy, and so faithfully did they fulfil this obligation that the contents of their ritual books have been lost almost completely. What we know of them is in the main part owing to the writings of their opponents. Only one other source is open to us—a very relevant one, it is true—the pictorial monuments which the archaeologist's spade has

brought to light. A number of sanctuaries, situated in natural or artificial grottoes, have been found and, in them, numerous inscriptions, statues and reliefs. These impart certain information which may be supplemented by what we know from the writings of religious adversaries. Each sanctuary contains a large relief, round which the cult gravitated, and which is sometimes arranged after the manner of a triumphal arch. It had a large representation in the centre, smaller pictures at the sides. These representations may be looked upon as the Bible of the Mithraic believers. Many copies of these reliefs have come down to us, in Asia Minor, Africa, on the Balkan peninsula, in Hungary, Italy, Germany, France, England, etc. We must try to "read" them, in order to understand the Mithraic faith.

In the centrepiece Mithra is seen kneeling on the collapsing bull. He has stabbed the animal with a dagger and now turns his full glance towards the faithful who approach his altar. Mithra by his deed has altered the face of the world. The scene takes place in the world-cave: in the womb of the world, over which the Zodiac spans its vault, Mithra slew the bull; the picture shows the kind of miracle that was performed here: from the dying animal's tail grows the ear of corn, from the dark night of the world-cave creation rises towards the light.

But the evil one lies in ambush wishing to prevent the creation of

good. The scorpion raises itself from the soil and poisons the seed of the dying bull.

The belief in this mythical genesis must have formed the centre of Mithraic piety. This may seem strange for an age which witnessed the rise of Christianity, an age in which ethical demands were of paramount importance, in which all religious and philosophical leaders endeavoured to direct their followers from primitive pagan belief, from ethical indifference, towards a moral conception of life.

The Mithraic religion, too, is, indeed, a religion which puts ethics in the foreground. The traditional altars and pictures were not only meant to be taken in their literal sense. The priests knew how to give a moral interpretation to the images which they placed before the eyes of the faithful. This is certain. But it remains uncertain how they interpreted each detail. In order to understand the centre scene just described, the scenes arranged round it ought also to be understood.

The series begins with a group of representations relating to the primeval age of the world. In the beginning chaos reigned, then came the marriage of the heavens and earth. Old god Saturn delivers his rulership to his son, who repels the attack of the evil forces. A new phase of the world dawns. During this period Mithra is born. He rises from out of a stone in miraculous birth. He holds in one hand the dagger with which he will slay the bull, in the other a torch, symbol of his luminous being.

In a hut rests the heavenly bull, the young god creeps near, he steals from the heavens the bull, the strong animal, the symbol of fertility. The bull tries to escape but Mithra hangs on to the struggling beast. He grasps him with Herculean force, and drags him from the heavens, down into the darkness of the world-cave. At the Sun-God's command, who sends him the raven as his messenger, he kills the bull hereby creating life. After this struggle comes his ascension. Mithra joins the Sun-God in his flight to heaven, and they feast together. He is now Mithra-Helios.

This, in a few words, is the content of this pictorial series. In another group of monuments Mithra is shown pouring the holy fluid over the head of a faithful follower, whose soul is led across the water and who feasts with Mithra at the celestial table.

It is the history of world-creation and world-salvation round which Mithraic piety centres. But this creation of the world differs widely from the one in the Old Testament or from the genesis myths of the early Greek poets. There is certainly a natural significance in the creation of the floral growth in a dark cave but such a complicated myth as the one narrated on these reliefs would scarcely be needed in order to symbolize the simple fact that plants grow towards the light, from the dark lap of the earth. What deeper significance, then, lies in Mithra's carrying the bull from the heavens into the cave,

where still the seed of the slain animal is poisoned by the scorpion? If we want to find an interpretation of the myth which the priests of Mithra offered to their followers we ought to consider that Mithraism as a religion originated in Persia, was brought to the West by Persian priests, and that even on European soil the holy books of their cult were read in the Persian language. Persia is the land of ethical dualism, the land of Ormuzd and Ahriman; both good and evil, are divine principles. This dualism is also evident in Mithraism. Mithra is the god of goodness, he fetches from on high the heavenly bull whose seed envelops the atoms of light, and kills him so that luminous life be created on earth. Evil, in the shape of the scorpion, however, poisons what is being created in light, and thereby man is given his task. As a soldier of the God of Light he must in perpetual strife fight for the deliverance of the atoms of light. Then, at the end of time, ascension to heaven and the feast of the blessed will be his lot.

This cult offered man the magic means by which he might attain salvation. Only by degrees did the priests reveal the myth and its significance. Whoever wanted to be initiated had to give proofs of his perseverance, before the depths of secret knowledge were disclosed to him. Strange banquets destined to prepare the faithful for the participation of the future feast of the blessed were arranged, and the guests had to serve the priests.

Strange, also, were the names and characters of the ranks of the initiated—the Raven, the Persian, the Soldier, the Sun's Runner, etc. Sacrifices were made before the cult image of the god in the subterranean cave; the way to the altar was miraculous, symbolizing the seven spheres, the way of the planets through which Mithra had ascended after his deed and through which the faithful hoped to ascend to the holy place with his help.

At the end of the ages a great conflagration will occur, a miraculous bull will reappear on earth, Mithra will resurrect the dead, the good will be separated from the wicked, the celestial bull will be sacrificed, and Mithra will offer the good the drink of immortality mixed of wine and the bull's fat. Ormuzd drops a fire which devours the wicked, Ahriman and his unclean demons will perish and an era of perfect bliss will begin for the rejuvenated world.

Why was it that this stirring religion succumbed in its struggle with Christianity though stimulating the unfolding of man's moral forces and promising him salvation? Why did it succumb, since it doubtless offered him much of that which distinguished Christianity from the other pagan religions? Mithra like Christ was a mediator between the Almighty and man. Mithraism like Christianity included in its teachings a saint's life, relating the god's childhood, his miracles and his ascension. Both religions centre round the idea of sacrifice, both imparted to their followers a lore of the creation and

the end of the world, culminating in final salvation. In both religions a preparatory instruction of the novice was essential, in both sacred banquets were held as a magic means by which salvation was attained.

The difference between their two characters perhaps emerges clearest when their attitudes towards the idea of sacrifice are considered. In Mithraism the god, after a hard struggle, sacrifices the celestial bull, the receptacle of force and light, in order to introduce good into the world below. But by entering the world the bull becomes subject to evil. A moral life, together with the practice of magic rites taught by the Mithraic cult, enables the believer to ascend to light after his death. Mithras is the mediating god, he warrants salvation.

In Christianity the intervening god also descends to earth. But he does not sacrifice another luminous being: by offering himself as a victim he redeems mankind from sin by his death. Mithra is, in character, a hero in the sense in which the Greeks understood the word; from beginning to end there is no break in his heroic nature. Christ on the other hand, is no mere hero, but an historical figure, born of the Virgin Mary in the manger at Bethlehem, the son of man, who suffers a martyr's death; yet Christ from the beginning is also deity, supreme judge at the end of days. Christ—and this is an essential feature of Christianity—is both true man on earth and true god.

Seen from this angle the Mithraic world conception cannot but range as one among the other pagan hero-worshipping religions, and Christianity dissociates itself from it as entirely different. For Christ is akin to the worshipper and yet in his divine aloofness may exact humility such as no hero of Mithra's kind would ever be able to call forth. Christ died in his self-sacrifice to redeem men from sin; Mithra was victorious in his heroic fight with a wild beast, in order to fill creation with light. Mithra may be looked upon as a descendant of Hercules wrestling with bulls, lions and hydras, even if his struggle has a different significance. The figure of Jesus Christ surpasses all those of ancient gods and animal-fighting heroes.

Another feature that may serve to show the essential difference between the two religions is their cosmology. Mithra creates an earthly world by slaying the bull. The legend of the cult god cannot be separated from the cosmological myth. Christianity, on the other hand, was able to preface Christ's teachings by the biblical lore of world-creation without altering any points in it. Mithra is therefore inseparably connected with

the multifarious life on earth. He is, unlike Christ, the creator of terrestrial things. He is the god of the earth's plants and animals, god of fertility, of the sacred soil, like the Greek gods; he resembles the nymphs to whom likewise the grottoes were consecrated and the waters. Christ's divinity is utterly remote from all mere earthly things. His preaching tended to free man from the worries and cares of earthly possessions, nay, even from all interest in them. The bull, symbol of fertility, is incompatible with Christian piety even if allegorically interpreted. Bread is the symbol of Christ's body, wine symbol of his blood. For Christianity works towards the release of man from the rule of sensuality, from the bull-like part of his nature. It directs his soul to the recognition of his sinfulness and to the love of his redeemer. It had the power to conquer because it left behind all that is sensually heroic; because to Christianity, as the heir of Judaism and Greek philosophy, worship meant adoration in the Spirit, not bloody sacrifice, since its deity was no hero, but true god who as true man lived and suffered.

F. SAXL.

## THE LION OF THE CABBALAH

[Dr. Cecil Roth, the distinguished historian who contributed to our October, 1934, issue an arresting article on "The Nazi Delusion: Aryan Versus Semitic," here sketches the picturesque and significant figure of Rabbi Luria or Loria of sixteenth-century Palestine. A mystic who found a hidden beauty even under the dead letter of ritualism, the Lion of the Cabballah taught many doctrines of the Ancient East.—EDS.]

It was the darkest hour in Jewish history. The crowning tragedy of the expulsion from Spain had just taken place, in 1492, turning tens of thousands of homeless wanderers into an unfriendly world. As to-day, many of the exiles directed their footsteps towards Palestine, the Holy Land, there re-establishing the settlement which had been all but extinct since the period of the Crusades. From the crushing vicissitudes of this world, they sought refuge in the contemplation of the mysteries of the next. Assuredly, the recent catastrophes had been the veritable "pangs of the Messiah"—the darkest hour which proved that dawn was near. With greater singleness of purpose than ever before, they turned their attention to the study of the *Zohar* and the kindred esoteric literature. Gradually, the choicer spirits became concentrated in the "Holy City" of Safed in Upper Galilee—the scene of the terrestrial activity, fourteen centuries before, of Rabbi Simeon ben Jochai,\* reputed author of the *Zohar*, "The Book of Splendour". Here there grew up the strangest, strictest, maddest, most amazing community in Jewish

history: a veritable Congregation of the Saints, recruited by eager mystics from every corner of Asia and Europe, passing twenty-four hours of every day in the study of the Holy Cabballah, and maintaining in perpetuity the spirit of a revivalist camp. This was the scene of the activity of the Lion of the Cabballah.

Rabbi Isaac Luria was born in 1534 in Jerusalem, of German parents.† While he was still a child, his father died, and he was sent to Cairo to be brought up by his uncle, Mordecai Frances, a wealthy tax-farmer. He shewed such promise in his studies that, at the age of fifteen, he was placed beyond the reach of worldly worry by being married to his cousin. From the study of the *Talmud* and kindred texts, he passed to that of the *Zohar*—the *Talmud* (as it were) of the mystics.

Its secrets appeared to him too profound to harmonise with the busy life of a great city. Affected, it would almost seem, by the traditional atmosphere of the country from early Christian days, he adopted the life of a hermit—a phenomenon almost unknown otherwise

\*See Geoffrey West's study of this great Rabbi in THE ARYAN PATH for November, 1932.—EDS.

†Hence the surname *Ashkenazi*, or German. The name *Ari*, or Lion, is formed by the initials *Ashkenazi Rabbi Isaac*.

in Jewish history. For seven years, he lived in a hut on the banks of the Nile, pondering upon the mysteries of the sacred text. His family saw him only on the Sabbath, when he would speak to them seldom and allow no word to pass his lips excepting in the Holy Tongue. But, in his solitude, he was not alone. The prophet Elijah (he who had not known the taste of death and who, according to Jewish doctrine, was always walking abroad on the earth) visited him regularly and taught him the remoter aspects of esoteric doctrine. And, while he slept, his soul was taken up into heaven and was there initiated into the sublimest secrets of creation in the sublunar academies of Rabbi Simeon ben Jochai and other great teachers of the past.

In 1569, when he was in his thirty-fifth year, the call of the Holy Land became too strong for Luria to resist. He removed to Jerusalem, and thence (finding the prevailing atmosphere unsympathetic) to Safed. His presence gave fresh life to the circle of mystics assembled there, all of whom eagerly drank in his teaching. He divided them into two categories—the novices, to whom he expounded the elementary Cabbalah on the basis of the ordinary text-books; and the initiates, to whom he divulged the secret teachings and practical invocations which had been revealed to him from heaven. To this category belonged Solomon Alkabiz, the most delicate poet of his day; Joseph Caro, the famous legalist; and many another. His fa-

vourite disciple, however, was Hayim Vital, a refugee from the recent expulsion from southern Italy, who, according to his master, possessed a soul which had not been soiled by the sin of primeval man.

The new teacher's fame rapidly spread. Pupils came from as far afield as Italy or Bohemia, and filled the courts of Safed with their mystical chants. On Friday evening, the members of the circle confessed their sins one to the other. On the Sabbath, the Master dressed himself from head to foot in white, and wore a four-fold garment, symbolising the four letters of the Ineffable Name. Wonderful stories were told of his miraculous powers. He could understand, men said, even the speech of birds and beasts and plants. He could recognise from a man's face the nature of his soul. A scent such as that of the Garden of Eden was wafted from his table. He was reputed to be the Messiah of the tribe of Joseph, whose coming was to prepare the way for that of the Messiah of the tribe of Judah.

His teaching was not confined to the House of Study. He disclosed his most profound doctrines to the small circle of his elect while walking in the countryside, or visiting with them the tomb of Rabbi Simeon ben Jochai, the precise position of which had been miraculously disclosed to them.

His system was a remarkable expansion of the neo-Platonic doctrines of the *Zohar*. He developed to the full the conception

of the Emanations (*Sephirot*), the Agencies (*Parzufim*) and the primeval Infinity (*En Sof*), the contraction of which into Itself brought about the existence of the finite world. But his teaching was not purely theoretical. It covered every aspect of human life and activity. The mechanical observances prescribed by Jewish tradition were imbued by him with a new importance. Every commandment, every fulfilment, had its esoteric significance. Every prayer, and every word in every prayer, had in addition to its literal interpretation a special mystical meaning, embodying the Divine attributes and appellations. Certain combinations of the Divine name might have miraculous results. Even marital intercourse attained a special dignity and importance of its own, symbolising the different functions of the male and female principles in the cosmogony.

The Master differentiated between the five different aspects of the human soul, and taught not only metempsychosis, or the migration of souls, but also the "impregnation" of two souls, under certain circumstances, in one body. All human souls, according to him, were created together with Adam, and the final Redemption was not to come about until they had all fulfilled their function. As a logical consequence, misuse or thwarting of the human generative powers became one of the greatest of all possible sins to those who followed his teachings.

Luria's activity at Safed lasted for barely four years. On August

5th, 1572, he died, at the early age of thirty-eight. His active career had been incredibly brief. But, in that short space of time, he impressed his personality indelibly on the history of Judaism. His spirit continued to be active. He was said, indeed, to continue to divulge the mysteries of his teaching to his disciples in visions, long after his death; and each Friday night he was reported to have mystical communion with his wife, just as he had done during his lifetime.

He had written nothing: his activity had been confined to the spoken word. However, his favourite pupil, Hayim Vital Calabrese, became his Master's literary executor, prophet, and biographer. He embodied the new doctrines in a succession of works, based upon the notes of the Master's lectures which various of the disciples had preserved. The most important of these was the famous *Ez Hayim*, the "Tree of Life". This was permitted to circulate only in manuscript. Each one of the Disciples had to bind himself by oath not to allow a copy to be made for a foreign country. Thus the supremacy of Safed in the world of mysticism continued unquestioned for a long time: and the new doctrines retained the additional attraction of being difficult of access. Nevertheless, though these handbooks were printed for the first time only in the eighteenth century, the teaching which they embodied speedily permeated the Jewish world through and through, giving fresh life to

old observances, and enriching Jewish literature with fresh prayers, hymns, and conceptions. It was to these that the pseudo-Messianic movement of Sabbetai Zevi in the seventeenth century largely owed its being, as well as the Chassidic revival of the eighteenth and the activities of the many charlatans and saints who claimed to be "Masters of the Name," able to work wonders through the secret of the Tetragrammaton. Even to-day, the name of the Lion of the Cabbalah is one to conjure with, literally, in the Jewish communities of the Orient: and the Fifth of Ab is still widely observed as a religious celebration, with its own special rite of prayer, as the anniversary of his death.

In Jewish life generally, the new teaching was supremely important: and its effects have not worn away, fortunately, even amongst the intellectually "emancipated" Jewries of the West, who have attempted to divorce mysticism from religion. The "Tree of Life" and half a dozen other works truly or falsely attributed to the Master circulated throughout the Diaspora in the century following his death. The effect which they had on Jewish practice and on the theory which inspired it was immense. All the minutiae of religious observance, every letter of the liturgy, every action of daily life, became infused with a new esoteric significance—occasionally

bordering upon the superstitious, but often beautiful and sometimes profound.

The dicta of the *Ari* were copied and studied more universally and with greater devotion than those of Maimonides. In distant Ghettos, eager students attempted to determine, on the basis of the calculation which he had left, precisely when the Redemption might be expected. New prayers and devotions were composed, some of remarkable beauty, accentuating the spiritual significance of observances which had become mechanical. The tendency is perhaps against the prevailing spirit of the twentieth century, but it is impossible to belittle the effect which it exercised upon the life of three hundred years ago. It was the most vital movement that had come from Palestine since the days of the Second Temple. The modern rationalists who sneer at the tendency do not realise what comfort it brought to their fathers in the long nightmare of the Ghetto, how it consoled them for the vicissitudes of daily life, how it made mechanical observances instinct with beauty, with hope, even with divinity.

In an evaluation of the important creative forces of Jewish life in the past, by the side of the prophets and legislators and singers and sages, the name of the Lion of the Cabbala deserves an honoured place.

CECIL ROTH

## ON TEACHING

[ J. D. Beresford's reflections on Teaching and Teachers are pertinent in these days when genuine spiritual Teachers are as hard to find as pseudo-gurus and false teaching are to avoid. It is necessary to remember that "the Guru is the guide or the readjuster and may not always combine the function of teacher with it". Madame H. P. Blavatsky was the first in modern times, to speak openly about the institution of the Guru; even in India it had become degraded; to raise it to its proper height she wrote at length on this subject; below we print a list she offered as qualifications for real Chelaship in her *Raja Yoga or Occultism*, p. 2 :—

1. Perfect physical health;
2. Absolute mental and physical purity;
3. Unselfishness of purpose; universal charity; pity for all animate beings;
4. Truthfulness and unswerving faith in the law of Karma, independent of any power in nature that could interfere: a law whose course is not to be obstructed by any agency, not to be caused to deviate by prayer or propitiatory exoteric ceremonies;
5. A courage undaunted in every emergency, even by peril to life;
9. An intuitional perception of one's being the vehicle of the manifested Avalokitesvara or Divine Atman (Spirit);
7. Calm indifference for, but a just appreciation of everything that constitutes the objective and transitory world, in its relation with, and to, the invisible regions.

Such, at the least, must have been the recommendations of one aspiring to perfect Chelaship. With the sole exception of the 1st, which in rare and exceptional cases might have been modified, each one of these points has been invariably insisted upon, and all must have been more or less developed in the inner nature by the Chelas UNHELPED EXERTIONS, before he could be actually put to the test.]

In the East, the Chela has his Guru to whom he can go for advice and direction. In Europe we have no such reliable guides, and the seeker must find his own way with whatever help he may be able to obtain from his fellow pilgrims. This lack of a teacher is a great handicap, although not for those reasons which will first occur to the uninitiated.

My own experience has been very limited, but it happens now and again that I am asked for a direction, which I have neither the understanding nor the authority to give. And since nearly all those who have asked me to show them

the road are under a general misconception as to the functions of the Guru in relation to his Chela, it may be that readers of THE ARYAN PATH will be able to profit by my experience.

A common delusion of the Western European with regard to the search after wisdom, is that it can be learned as a lesson is learned at school. Many people appear to believe that the truth may be stated in language comprehensible to the multitude, as a series of definitions, with set rules for the guidance of conduct and some kind of regime for acquiring holiness.

Seekers of this kind—and many

of them are genuine seekers in whom the desire for truth has a spiritual and not an intellectual origin—go from religion to religion in their hopeless search for the desired satisfaction. They are to be found in Theosophical organizations and in new cults of various kinds, listening to preachers, reading relevant literature, accepting and trying to practise principles of conduct, always in the hope that revelation will come in some formula of words that they will be able to understand with the mind. After a time such seekers as these will either transfer their allegiance to another school of thought, or settle down into a mechanical acceptance of some not too arduous creed, in the belief that that is all that is necessary.

In the West there are no capable teachers for such people as these, nor would they be accepted as Chelas by any Guru in the East. Nevertheless it seems to me that they might be helped, or at least saved from much vain effort, if they could rid themselves of the primary delusion that wisdom can be passed on from one individual to another as are the facts of ordinary education.

Yet, if that were possible, the laws of Karma would have no meaning, for they imply beyond all possible question that the education of the soul comes only by experience. And if we tried to state as briefly as possible in what that education consists, the answer might be: In the liberation of the spirit—a task only to be accomplished by every man for himself.

Wherefore, the principle of Karma contains the lesson that there is no short cut to the acquisition of wisdom, and that we cannot profit by the experience, nor even greatly by the teaching, of another.

How personal and individual is the acquisition of that knowledge which alone is valuable for what we commonly call the "formation of character," can be exemplified by the relations of parent and child. There are many things that the father cannot, out of his own experience, teach the son. Each generation has to make its same mistakes, for until it has made them and learnt, it may be by suffering, the value of the relevant lesson, it will remain as a thing taught by rote and have no influence on the liberation of the spirit.

This may seem a tragedy to many parents, but the modern European has little wisdom in the training of children. He does not recognise the difference between development of the character and education for ordinary traffic with the world; nor realise that each child has an individual personality for which certain experiences are necessary if it is to be developed. The father, whether he has made a happy or an unhappy marriage, cannot pass on the knowledge gained by that experience to his son. What was right for the one may be quite wrong for the other. Such things cannot be taught, even by the wisest parent, or even, as I began by saying, by the wisest teacher.

It may appear from this that our

lack of teachers in the West is not the handicap I declared it to be. If wisdom cannot be taught by word of mouth, of what use, it will be asked, is the Guru to the Chela? I will attempt to suggest an answer to that question by pointing out, in the first place, that a Chela must be qualified before he is accepted for discipleship. Unless he has already reached a certain stage of development, the Guru can teach him nothing. Could the most gifted schoolmaster teach an ignorant pupil the processes of advanced mathematics? When Christ said: "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear," He knew, as the following verses show, that He was speaking to those who were spiritually deaf. And to them, as the history of the world shows all too clearly, the wisdom of the teacher appears as foolishness.

But having acknowledged this, we may go on to consider the methods of the teacher with those who have already made some progress on the road to wisdom. His function is largely that of a guide. The disciple must find his own way, but he may be warned of blind alleys and difficult paths. Sometimes he may be deliberately sent on such hopeless journeys in order that he may get personal experience of their dangers, and he will have to face the *impasse* until he learns for himself the means to overcome it. In these things the task of the teacher is to

indicate the difficulty and perhaps to outline the process by which it may be overcome; but he can give no instruction as to how it may be avoided. The disciple must, by his own effort, win each of the seven golden keys. "The Teacher can but point the way. The Path is one for all, the means to reach the goal must vary with the Pilgrims."\*

There is, however, another way in which the disciple may obtain help from the teacher, namely, by gathering from him something of the courage and strength that he radiates. In that communion the disciple will find encouragement and spiritual peace. He will renew his faith in the presence of one who has trodden the path before him, finding in that example a proof that he is on the right way. Yet even that peace and encouragement in communion will not be his until he has already learnt much for himself and is able to recognise the truths of the spirit. To those who have no knowledge save that of the mind, the teacher will appear as other men. By them he may be condemned as a charlatan, since the physical proofs demanded will be refused. They will ask for a sign and no sign shall be given unto them.

Another instance of the pilgrim's inability to progress until he finds for himself and in himself the desired knowledge, is provided by the reading of such books as the

\* *The Voice of The Silence.*

† The New Testament is unfortunately the least reliable of these, the letter being dependent on the memory of those who were not very far advanced in soul-wisdom. But the whole spirit of Christ's teaching derives from and is consonant with that in the other two books referred to.

*Bhagavad-Gita, The Voice of the Silence*, or various passages in the Four Gospels. He may make a careful study of the teaching of these books, he may find truth after truth confirmed by reference from one to the other, but none of them will become living and urgent until he rediscovers it in his own spirit. Until the disciple makes that discovery, his learning will remain mechanical and fruitless. Just so might the layman learn by heart the symbols of a mathematical equation without any understanding of their significance.

I have dared to speak with a certain authority on this because I am writing out of personal experience. I know how I have read without understanding, accepting the letter but with no realisation of its inner meaning, and how having made the discovery of truth within the self, what I have read has suddenly leaped to life with a great power of illumination.

Let me take an instance to make my meaning clearer. What I have so far written in this article represents a patient rediscovery by myself of one aspect of truth, summed up in the realisation that there are many things, and those the most important in life, that we cannot learn from another. Yet all I have said here has been said again and again in the past. In the *Bhagavad-Gita*, you will read: "These temporal bodies are declared to belong to the eternal lord of the body, imperishable and immeasurable." In *The Voice of the Silence*: "In order to become

the KNOWER of ALL SELF, thou hast first of SELF to be the knower." In the New Testament: "The Kingdom of God is within you." But all such sayings will remain a form of words until the realisation of their inner meaning is found for each disciple in his own spirit.

I began by saying that in Europe we have no great teachers in whose advice we can confidently trust, and if we had them they would not be understood except by the very few. But those who are yet only at the beginning of the way may be able to give a little help to the kind of seeker described in my third paragraph. We can begin, for example, with the warning that is the principal subject of this article and go on from that with various suggestions applicable to those who have to live among the distractions of modern civilisation, and burdened with personal responsibilities.

In the majority, perhaps in all, of those who are at the very outset of the quest, the desire for separation must be diverted into another channel. This longing for solitude may be taken as an indication of a developing spiritual urgency, but if it is indulged there will be no progress. In our present state of Western development we have to learn that "By devotion each to his own work, every man gains true success." The way of stern asceticism and solitude will lead us nowhither. "Renunciation\* and union through works both make for the supreme goal; but of these

two union through works is more excellent than renunciation of works." This does not imply that there are not many renunciations to be made by those who follow the way of union through works, which is the way of love, of the search for the One in the many. But such renunciations are not made by a determined effort of will but by the longing for the satisfactions of the spirit, a longing that will in time convert those oppositions of the mind and body which work by the continual suggestion to choose that mode of life most conducive to their own gratification.

This, however, is no more than a beginning which represents the first recognition of that call of the Spirit described in Biblical phrase as "the hunger and thirst after righteousness". For a time, maybe, those to whom this recognition has come may feel a sense of inner peace, may perhaps believe that no more is necessary than the cultivation of a feeling of tolerance and good-will for all mankind. But there must be no pause at this critical point, for unless the everlasting search is actively prosecuted, that sense of peace will presently fade, and the seeker realise

that he is slipping back into old habits of thought, which will rise as an encroaching mist to obscure the vision that may fade as a present guide, even though it can never be forgotten.

But if, at this critical stage, the seeker is prepared for a perpetual renewal of effort, if he will continually hold in his mind the desire for consecration to the great service of humanity by the sacrifice of personal pride and self-love, he will inevitably find his teacher at last. Even at the outset he will attract to himself those fellow-pilgrims who are striving to follow the same path, and among them he may find one, here and there, older than himself in soul-wisdom, from whom he may gather help and encouragement. He will be, in short, steadily fitting himself for chelaship, and when he is qualified, no matter in what country he is living, he will find his Guru, not by chance nor by deliberate search, but as a necessary fulfilment of his spiritual condition, in accordance with the Law of Karma. Wherefore we may be sure that if a great Teacher is not known to us in Europe, it is because we are not yet qualified to be His disciples.

J. D. BERESFORD

## ALCHEMY

### THE BASAL PRINCIPLE OF HINDUISM

[ P. Narayana Goud, M. A., B. Sc. (Edin.), Lecturer in Chemistry at Rajahmundry College, has been fascinated since his student days by the desire to find the scientific truths and experimental results which he felt convinced the Vedic mantras and mythology present in veiled language. He has made a study of the writings of Indian alchemists, and believes he has found the clue to the mystical significance of Yajna and Dharma in the Vedas.—Eds. ]

Alchemy is an art which has for its end the production of the Elixir of Life. This Elixir is also called the Stone of Wisdom or the Philosopher's Stone, not because it is actually a stone but because, being made of mercury, it withstands the action of heat and remains without volatilising in much the same way as a stone. It is used by the alchemists to bring about perfection in animate as well as inanimate bodies. When internally administered as medicine it is claimed to exhibit the power to cure all ills which flesh is heir to, and to place its possessor in command of not only health and longevity but also wealth and material prosperity. Nay, by its use the alchemists claimed to attain communion with the Ultimate Reality of the Universe, and thus the ability to display extraordinary powers such as knowledge of the past, present and future, and to effect miracles, characteristic of the sublime state of self-realization indicated in Hindu religious literature.

Hinduism is the popular yet mystical embodiment of the practices, processes and doctrines of alchemy. Hence it holds out the prospect of material and spiritual prosperity to its followers.

It presents the *laukika* or *paramârthika* aspect according as it delineates the way to material or spiritual prosperity. There is, however, only one ideal, the alchemist's ideal of attaining perfection in the realms of matter and spirit, running through these two aspects, the progression through the *laukika* phase serving in any general case as a prerequisite to obtaining the *paramârthika*. This view of Hinduism enables one to draw from its two aspects all the clues necessary to the successful performance of alchemy and the acquirement and utilization of the Philosopher's Stone.

Superficial observation does not reveal this inner significance of, or the interrelation between, the *laukika* and *paramârthika* aspects. Thus the *laukika* aspect has been diversely interpreted as paganism, animism, polytheism, idolatry etc., according to the particular viewpoint of the interpreter. The very existence of these various interpretations shows that none of them represents the actual truth. It is only by the application of the scientific method of interpretation indicated by the ancients themselves, who have studiously garbed their alchemical knowledge in

myth and mystery, that it is at all possible to get at the hidden meaning. No assumptions are needed in this method: one has only to use the "yoga" or root meaning of the words and expressions employed, whatever may be their "rûdhî" or commonplace meaning. Studied in this way, the various factors of the *laukika* aspect, presenting externally great divergences, coalesce into symbols of the hidden alchemical lore.

The fundamentals of the *laukika* aspect are incorporated in the Vedas, the Sutras, the Puranas, etc. It is the translation of the ideas in the Vedic and allied literature into realistic art presentment that is now seen as idolatry, polytheism, creeds and castes, ceremonials and festivals and seemingly childish superstitions which, owing to our failure to discern the underlying chain of alchemical processes, appear to be incompatible with the high state of perfection anticipated in the *paramârthika* aspect, and to which no consistent explanation can be given in terms other than of alchemy. The Pûrvamîmâmsa leads one to the inevitable conclusion that Yajna is the ancient name for the alchemical art. Those who successfully perform Yajna and secure Amritam or the Elixir of Life enjoy all the privileges of the heavenly life, such as freedom from want, disease and even death. The Veda reveals *dharma* or the set of natural processes and occurrences that operate in the alchemical art. A mastery of this *dharma* leads the adept to the attainment of *artha*,

*kâma* and ultimately *Môksha* or Self-realization. To mark out the way for the fulfilment of this four-fold object of human desire is the purpose of Hinduism both in its *laukika* and *paramârthika* aspects: and the delineation of the alchemical process, during which *dharma* manifests itself, is the principal function of the Veda and the Yajna.

But because this knowledge of Yajna is serviceable for enormous good or evil, the Veda is so written as not to reveal itself to the profane. However, when it is properly understood it will be seen that it defines, describes and elucidates the Panchâkshari—Astâkshari sesame. The Panchâkshari is not the "five letters"—*Sivayanamah*; it represents the five everlasting substances, the Panchabhûtas, which are indispensable in the building up of the alchemical world which furnishes the Elixir of Life.

The purpose of the organizers of Hinduism was, therefore, to create a system which envelops this *dharma* and presents the Yajna in a popular way, so that any individual who earnestly endeavours to achieve the fourfold purushârthas—*dharma, artha, kâma* and *môksha*—will find the necessary indications and directions in the various factors of its *laukika* and *paramârthika* aspects. Here then is the proper outlook for the critic of Hinduism.

The idolatry, the mythology, the ceremonials, the festivals and all the other characteristics of Hinduism are but popular representations and observances of the Panch-

ākshari and the Yajna. In the Hindu temple we generally observe the worship of either Siva or Vishnu. All religious worship is simply an imitative performance symbolic of the processes and operations of the alchemical art. Siva is represented emblematically by the Lingam. He is depicted in association with serpents, the bull, the trident, the Ganga and the crescent moon. These symbols have been placed in the picture by the alchemist to suggest the ideas or substances involved in their art. Traditionally the Lingam is understood to signify mercury; for the latter is generally spoken of as Sivabeeja, which springs from the Lingam. The fact that serpents are represented as binding the limbs of Siva's entire body conveys the idea that mercury is bound by the substance symbolised by the serpent. This latter is, therefore, one of the reagents required in the art. Similarly the substances symbolised by the trident, the bull, the Ganga and the moon find employment in the art in their respective reagent capacities. The aggregate effect of these various reagents and their interactions is the production of Soma, in which mercury is present in a form distinctly different from its ordinary elementary or compound states known to modern chemistry.

The antagonism between the Vishnu cult and that of Siva or, for the matter of that, any other cult, is only a superficial one. When we ransack Sanskrit literature with a view to fathoming the mystery surrounding Vishnu and

his relation to Siva, we come to know far more of the alchemical art; so much so that we feel no hesitation in stating that Vishnu is a term employed to designate Siva or mercury which has assumed new properties, in virtue of which it can pervade animate and inanimate bodies and transform them into more perfected states. It is to draw attention to this essential identity of Siva and Vishnu that in some important Vishnu temples we find the Sivalingam worshipped in the *sanctum sanctorum* and the Vishnu image in that of some Siva temples.

The allegorical representation of Vishnu and his *Avatars* is symbolic of the different stages in the transformation which mercury undergoes during the progress of Yajna. The tenth *avatar*, that of Kalki (the bound), is the final stage of the transformation which gives us the much coveted Amṛitam composed of the "fixed" or "killed" mercury. It is by the use of this Amṛitam that the fulfilment of the fourfold object of human desire is effected.

We have thus far referred mainly to the material or the *laukika* or the *rasavâda* aspect of Hinduism. We find that this concerns itself with the perpetuation of the mystical significance of the different processes involved in the alchemical art through various methods of popular representation. We now proceed to give an all too brief version of the spiritual or the *paramârthika* or the Brahmanava aspect.

It is a recognized fact that in the midst of the idolatry, polytheism and diversity of creeds of Hinduism there is a clear postulation of an Ultimate Reality, Brahman or Atman. What is this Brahman, to attain which is the highest ambition of a Hindu, and before which the amassing of a world of wealth and the possession of universal sway, obtainable through Yajna, are but childish trivialities? The possession of Amṛita is not a great asset if it is not used for the realization of this Ultimate Reality, for securing life beyond the reach of death. Amṛitam is so termed, not because life can be preserved by it eternally nor because physical death can be warded off by its use, but because by its regular internal administration, accompanied by the *Yoga* practice of mental concentration, the individual reaches a state of persistent awareness known as *Jivanmukti* or *Nirvana* or *Samadhi*, which are but different terms employed to express the eternal blissful life beyond death. It is in connection with this Final Achievement that the peculiarly Hindu doctrine of *Yoga* has been evolved.

The sum total of the arguments relevant to obtaining the knowledge necessary for this realization has been preserved for us in the six *darśanas*. Incorporated in these we have, first of all in the Pūrvamimâmsa, information relating to the correct interpretation and performance of Yajna, the basis of all material and spiritual prosperity. The material prosperity attendant on the successful

performance of Yajna brings into our lives leisure and inclination for the study of philosophic problems. To enable us to develop an analytical view of existence we are provided with its purely metaphysical analysis in the Sâṅkhya Sûtras. Although this abstract analysis might give us logical conclusions as to what existence is, whence it has sprung and where it terminates, yet it does not satisfy our longings for the Reality because it does not manifest It to us. We are thus forced to have recourse to Natural Philosophy, in which field the Nyâya and Vaishêshika systems are ready to help us. They present the solution of the problem of existence in terms of ultimate atoms of matter, mind etc. This position corresponds somewhat to the present state of our scientific analysis of the universe, and draws distinctions between matter, energy, mind, life, etc. But a further state of advancement is indicated in the attainment of mutual transformation of these. We are already beginning to recognize this in the inter-convertibility of matter and energy. With the help of Amṛitam, the ancients had, probably, found it practicable to establish this mutual convertibility throughout the range of matter, energy, life, mind and consciousness. For they were able to declare the *Advaita* or secondless condition of the Reality. But a purely mental apprehension of the *Advaita* state of existence does not by itself furnish us with the life beyond death, i. e., the realization of the Sat-Chit-Ānanda state. We

require a more tangible grasp of it, a practical experience of it. Here we are assisted by the precepts of the *Yoga* doctrine. It is the practice of *Yoga* that enables us to realize this ultimate reality, the Brahman of the Vedāntin.

Such, in fine, is the function of the six *darśanas* or Path-indicators. They are not wholly metaphysical tracts as generally understood. They indicate to us means and methods for the practical achieve-

ment of Amritam and Amaratwam.

Hinduism should, therefore, be defined as a system of practices of ritualized and mythographed alchemy, leading its follower to a heavenly life and ultimately through *Yoga* to liberation. The ceremonials and festivals of Hinduism are the landmarks of the alchemical art; and the Hindu temple displays the practice of alchemy carved in wood, rock, mortar and metal.

P. NARAYANA GOUD

Atma-Vidya is the only kind of Occultism that any theosophist who admires "Light on the Path," and who would be wise and unselfish, ought to strive after. All the rest is some branch of the "Occult Sciences," *i. e.*, arts based on the knowledge of the ultimate essence of all things in the Kingdoms of Nature—such as minerals, plants and animals—hence of things pertaining to the realm of *material* nature, however invisible that essence may be, and howsoever much it has hitherto eluded the grasp of Science. Alchemy, Astrology, Occult Physiology, Chiromancy, exist in Nature and the *exact* Sciences—perhaps so called, because they are found in this age of paradoxical philosophies the reverse—have already discovered not a few of the secrets of the above *arts*. But clairvoyance, symbolised in India as the "Eye of Siva," called in Japan, "Infinite Vision," is *not* Hypnotism, the illegitimate son of Mesmerism, and is not to be acquired by such arts. All the others may be mastered and results obtained whether good, bad, or indifferent; but *Atma-Vidya* sets small value on them. It includes them all and may even use them occasionally, but it does so after purifying them of their dross, for beneficent purposes, and taking care to deprive them of every element of selfish motive.

—H. P. BLAVATSKY, *Raja-Yoga or Occultism*, pp. 30-31.

## THE DIFFICULT PATH TO PEACE

[How Max Plowman, influenced by some words of Rabindranath Tagore, resigned his commission and "ceased from organized war for ever" is told by him. This was during the war, and for his action he was court-martialled. Subsequently, in 1919, he explained his position in *War and the Creative Impulse*. In this article he argues and appeals for a change of heart, for a New Birth, which alone will bring the Dawn of Peace.—Eds.]

Civilized man the world over is in the throes of a struggle which will end either in disaster or in triumphant readjustment. What is actually taking place may be shown in a simile. Up to the present century the nations of the world have been like the loose pieces of a jig-saw puzzle strewn upon a table. They have subsisted as more or less detached units without close coherent relation to one another. But within living memory, the table on which they lie has suddenly and miraculously become smaller; and suddenly it has become alarmingly obvious that the only way to accommodate the pieces is to fit them together and make of all the different bits a single picture. Yet the real problem is of course something vastly more complex; for the "pieces" of the world puzzle are organic bodies with wills and purposes of their own: they are not formed in shapes predisposed to fit in with one another; and there is no sovereign mind above them with power and authority to compose them into a single co-ordinate pattern. But the miracle is the fact. The table has contracted.

The change affects us in a two-fold manner. We welcome the receipt, in literally no time, of

tidings from the ends of the earth. We enjoy the ability to visit, with luxuriant ease, places which our fathers could only dream about. These effects of the change are pleasant, and therefore readily acceptable. But an effect less pleasant, and therefore less recognised, resides in the fact that the shrinkage of distance implies nearness. We are immeasurably nearer one another than we were even thirty years ago; we live in closer proximity: in how close, it is impossible to estimate. People living at the ends of the earth are now our neighbours. But because the actual mileage between ourselves and them remains unchanged, we are apt to treat the truth about our nearness as if it were elastic. We contract distance and accept proximity when proximity is congenial; but we stretch distance and are oblivious to proximity when proximity is undesired.

Obviously, we can't have this double standard. For richer or poorer, for better or worse, the world is now practically one household. Clearly, the members of a household cannot behave to one another as if they were strangers; no nation can now behave like a cock crowing upon its own dunghill.

The division in space offers latitude of contact impossible where there is no such division. The world has become one house, and "a house divided against itself cannot stand".

Hence the world problem of radical readjustment. Hence the necessity of holding fast to the belief in the brotherhood of man as the basic fact for all political activity. Hence the prime duty of referring all the major problems of social, national and international behaviour to the court of common humanity. Hence the responsibility of recognising ourselves, first, foremost and always, as members of the human family, and of rejecting as specious and insufficient to the actual world of to-day the divisions of nationalism which would rivet the habits of past antagonism upon those who have become, in economic fact, common property holders.

"Living in the world of to-day" is a phrase most often on the lips of those who pride themselves upon their realism: too often they use it in many a specious plea for evil necessity, disguising as prudence their sense of the actuality of yesterday. But it is precisely because we are living in the world of to-day that those who are aware of it disclaim the titles of exclusive nationalism and exclusive individualism with their inevitable concomitants, military and economic warfare. They do so simply because they perceive that the strife of disharmonious units must be surpassed in a world compelled by the logic of its activi-

ty to find unity. For it is impossible that man should avail himself of the advantages of proximity while he rejects the responsibilities of neighbourhood. He cannot be at once friend for the purposes of economic life and enemy for the purposes of nationalism. He cannot retain the old habits of vagrant barbarism in a world that has become his own estate. Yet he is now attempting this impossible thing; and the world of men in consequence suffers the instability of recurring earthquake.

What then shall we do? The idea of international co-operation, weak in its inception and shackled by the fearful guile and craft of the self-seeking, has cumbrously expressed itself in the machinery of the League of Nations. What is the world going to make of that? Is the League a creative or merely a restrictive organisation? Is it a gateway through which the nations can flow, or merely a bear-garden in which they can quarrel? Is it the womb of international life, or merely an international divorce court?

*The will to harmony is the will to sacrifice and accommodation: it is expressed in collective imagination. Have the western nations of the world any such will—any such imagination? The question is crucial.* And since, in the last resort, it is abstract and idle to speak of nations as if they were self-existent units and not bodies of which individuals formed the mind, let us ask ourselves individually: have we the will to make personal sacri-

fices of property and well-being on behalf of peace; have we the imagination to envisage what international harmony implies?

For, to this creative body of good will, there is a subtle alternative which, disguising itself with the creative mantle, turns out to be the old destructive enemy in a new guise. This alternative is to convert the League into an omnipotent armed force, capable of imposing its dictates upon any and all the nations of the world. It is a seductive proposal promising just the kind of absolute the mind in pain jumps at. This alternative is undeniably attractive—especially to men accustomed to the thought of government in terms of restraint. It is the inevitable logic of government by force, and it appears as the logical way to peace without loss of the idea of government by consent. Actually, of course, the proposal bristles with improbabilities, such as the idea that vast numbers of peace-loving citizens of all nations should dedicate their lives to the exclusive pursuit of war; or that immense trained bands of mercenaries could be called upon at the will of an international organisation to impose peace and create order upon nations as vast as Russia or the United States. But apart from any such practical considerations, the proposal to arm the League is in principle the proposal to eliminate an evil by amalgamating the evil of units into one huge body of superhuman evil.

What the advocates of this monstrosity have forgotten, in

their sincere but misguided effort to abolish war, is the fact that peace is a stuff that by its very nature cannot be imposed. Peace is organic and depends upon life. It is not suppressed war. It cannot be forcibly created: it is harmonious activity, not activity in compulsive restraint. Those who pursue it with the desire of compulsion are pursuing a will-o'-the-wisp that vanishes the more ardently they pursue it. To arm the League is in fact to melt the national images of Moloch into one obscene international image. Peace is made of tenderer stuff. "What can be created can be destroyed." Peace is for ever of this order. To attempt to create a rigid and indestructible order called "permanent peace" is to make an order of death. Shall man attempt to clamp death upon himself and call it peace?

But what is the alternative?

There is none ready-made:—nothing, absolutely nothing that we can do which will infallibly save the nations, as they now exist, from war. There is no short cut to peace. Why, indeed, should there be? Can the patient who has developed chronic disease automatically cure himself? Can the nations pursue ruthless self-interest indefinitely, and yet by this route arrive at community of interest? Can individuals pitilessly seek their own, and reap the harvest of their neighbour's affection? "Do men gather grapes of thistles?"

There is no escape from the present necessity of new-birth.

Nations and men, the duty imposed upon us is one that involves change of direction. And what is that but repentance?

It is now nearly eighteen years since the problem loomed up before me in all its stark simplicity; and because I owe the immediate solution of my problem to one of India's sages, I would gratefully make my acknowledgment here. Compulsive logic had driven me into the British army in 1914 as a unit of an organisation vainly engaged in "a war to end war"; and I had seen something of the result at close quarters before I found myself pondering Tagore's lectures on "Nationalism". There I read:—

The veil has been raised, and in this frightful war the West has stood face to face with her own creation, to which she has offered her soul. She must know what it truly is.

She had never let herself suspect what slow decay and decomposition were secretly going on in her moral nature, which often broke out in doctrines of scepticism, but still oftener and in still more dangerously subtle manner showed itself in her unconsciousness of the mutilation and insult that she had been inflicting upon a vast part of the world. Now she must know the truth nearer home.

And then will come from her own children those who will break themselves free from the slavery of this illusion, this perversion of brotherhood founded upon self-seeking, those who will own themselves as God's children and as no bond-slaves of machinery, which turns souls into commodities and life into compartments, which, with its iron claws, scratches out the heart of the world and knows not

what it has done.

What to do when the personal application of such words came home to me, I did not know; but what *not* to do was plain as a pike-staff, and in the moment of that recognition I had ceased from organised war for ever.

"Not a very world-shattering decision," the cynic may object. And I agree. Nothing but a first, a negative and most rudimentary step on the difficult path to peace: nothing but a personal act of contrition. Yet as a symbol, to those who have the wit to see it as such, that decision is of vast and overwhelming importance; for nothing but a similarly decisive act of contrition on the part of the dominant nations of the world can change their direction and turn them into the path of peace. They also must call a halt. It is for them to desist from the imposition of national wills, and at the same time to abjure the hellish means of that forcible imposition. It is for them to signify their repentance for wrongs done in the name of nationalism by confession that nationalism, like patriotism, in the words of Nurse Cavell, "is not enough". It is for every nation—singly and upon its own moral responsibility—to recognise that national self-righteousness and the will to self-sufficiency are the very embodiments in world character of that unregenerate selfhood which, in its natural expression, is war eternal.

MAX PLOWMAN

## AEOLIAN-IONIAN CULTURE

[Lloyd Wendell Eshleman, who here traces the stream of Greek culture, æsthetic and philosophical, eastward to its headwaters in Asia Minor, is an American educationist and historian, whose special interests lie in the history of Western culture.—Eds.]

For almost a century, certainly since the industrial revolution entered upon the final lap of its climatic rush in the early years of the Victorian era, we have been living in an age of fads. Only recently has there been a noticeable turning away, a new groping in the "spirit of humanity" for some new panacea that will cure our ailments.

Within the past few years there has been talk of a return to the Middle Ages, of a re-evaluation of classical antiquity, or of an attempt to unravel the tangled skeins of ancient religious and philosophic beliefs that lie as far in the past as pre-history. Recently Professor Davies, a well known English historian, wrote:—

Although the classical languages as instruments of education are now faced by formidable rivals, there appears to be, if anything, an increase in the influence we attach to a study of the institutions and the thought of ancient Greece. It is felt that in Hellenic civilization we have something lovely and precious, shining with a beauty and a splendour which have never been approached by any other land in any other age...

Hellas turned the dim and questioning light of ancient civilization into the brilliant glow of a new and rich civilization which we call classical.

But it must be remembered that long before the Hellenes of the Greek peninsula developed high

culture, the Hellenes of Anatolia, mixed, no doubt, with remnants of the Aegean race, came into contact with the richer culture of Lydia, of Persia, and of the earlier Aegeans.

Mitylene, Miletus, and Ephesus, the largest of the Aeolian-Ionian cities, set the pace for the approaching Hellenic summer and attained a fine flowering nearly two centuries earlier than Athens or Thebes. Miletus, controlling many trading posts on the Euxine, as the Black Sea was called, became the metropolis of the eastern Hellenes. From about 650 to 450 B.C., the Aeolian and Ionian Hellenes passed through a Hellenic summer of their own.

Among them lived Homer, a native of Aeolia, and here his great epic poems were perpetuated. It was nearly a thousand years before the time of Christ when he wrote the beautiful *Hymn to Earth*, that Shelley loved and translated.

After 700 B.C., the long narrative epics of early Aeolian poets died out. Individualism was asserting itself and personal experiences sought modes of expression. This tendency gave rise to a shorter poetic form, called the lyric. For different moods, different emotions and different types of experience, the sensitive souls of these expressive people found out-

lets in various types of poetry and in various metres. These have been retained to the present day, and it is significant that little which is worthy of note has been done to improve upon them. The world's best poetry has always been modelled largely upon ancient Aeolian forms. The lyric, or song metre, the iambic, the elegiac and other metres are used to-day with far less discrimination and appreciation for the nature of their form and possible meaning than was habitual among the poets of early Aeolia.

The Aeolian dialect of the Hellenes was liquid, melodious and wonderfully pleasing to the ear. Among the Aeolians a school of lyric poetry developed that found its highest expression in the works of Sappho, the greatest woman poet of all time. She lived in Mitylene, on the island of Lesbos, about 600 B. C.

One of her neighbours was named Alcaeus, and he was an ardent disciple of both her charms and accomplishments. To him, she was ever the "chaste Sappho, violet tressed and softly smiling". Swinburne believed Sappho to have been the greatest poet that ever lived. The lyric quality of both of these poets has been ceaselessly imitated: Alcaics and Sapphics being familiar names among devotees of poetry. One of Alcaeus's most imitated poems has been well translated in *The State* :—

What constitutes a State?  
Not high-raised battlement or laboured mound.  
Thick wall or moated gate;  
Not cities fair, with spires and turrets crowned;  
Not bays and broad-armed ports,  
Where, mindless of the storm, rich navies ride;  
Not high and haughty Courts,

Where black-browed baseness hides in perfumed pride.  
No!—Men, high minded men,  
With powers as far above dull brutes imbued  
In forest, brake, or den,  
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude:  
Men who their duties know,  
Know too their rights, and, knowing dare maintain;  
Prevent the long-aimed blow;  
And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain:  
These constitute a State!

Many were the poets and singers of Eastern Hellas. Many also were the writers of prose and of "profane history". The Dorian city of Halicarnassus gave us Herodotus, the father of history, who was a contemporary of Pericles. And there is one other prose writer who must not be omitted even in the short space available in this article. He is reputed to have been a poor, crippled slave, living on the island of Samos; and his name is known to every boy or girl who can read or write. He was Aesop, whose cryptic tales and fables have been presented in all languages and in all sorts of places, on page, screen and stage. To be positively scientific, I suppose we may be stretching a point in saying that he lived—but documents do not exist for everything that has ever happened, and to date I have seen no conclusive evidence that he did not live in Samos, about 550 B. C., just as the ancient Ionians said.

One more poet might be mentioned, Anacreon, also about 550 B. C., who lived at Teos, in Ionia, and who probably wrote more eulogies to "wine, women and song"—but withal in a very innocent and light-hearted spirit—than any other person who ever lived. His technique was widely copied, and imitations, then and now, are called Anacreontics. The fame of Anacreon is of especial interest to Americans. A much later song,

Not high-raised battlement or laboured mound.  
Thick wall or moated gate;  
Not cities fair, with spires and turrets crowned;  
Not bays and broad-armed ports,  
Where, mindless of the storm, rich navies ride;  
Not high and haughty Courts,

"Anacreon in Heaven," had its music borrowed to supply a melody for "The Star Spangled Banner". Herrick, Cowley, and many other fine poets have wrestled with his form and style in an endeavour to make the light Hellenic tongue fit with the clumsier and heavier English words. One of Anacreon's shorter verses is as follows:

Oft am I by women told,  
"Poor Anacreon! you're growing old;  
Look! how thy hair is falling ail;  
Poor Anacreon, how they fall!"  
Whether I grow old or no,  
By effects I do not know;  
But this I know, and can't be told:  
"Tis time to live, if I grow old!  
Tis time short pleasures now to take,  
Of little life, the best to make,  
And manage wisely the last stake.

The brilliant Ionians, not satisfied with art, poetry, and music, turned to other cultural endeavours. They were naturally curious and open-minded. From the close of the seventh century to the middle of the fifth century B.C., they threw down the barriers that hindered philosophic and scientific knowledge, and made the world heir to an intellectual foundation that shaped and altered all future history.

## II

It was among the Aeolian-Ionian cities of Anatolia that the first enlightening forces which made for a completely rounded development of Hellenic civilization reached their maturity. It was the poetic imagination of the Hellenes of Asia Minor that enabled them to cut themselves free from superstitious convention, to rise to new heights and touch all the materials of earth and space with questing fingers. They introduced humanity, charm, tolerance, beauty, and grace into all of their exploits, mental, physical, and spiritual.

Among the Ionian thinkers, there were seven who were fit to be called "the seven wise men of Ionia". They are the founders of scientific investigation and study. Many of the early Near Eastern scholars had developed astronomy, mathematics, and other studies to high planes. Yet they had been interested in them mainly as practical or as religious pursuits. The Ionians interested themselves in all sorts of natural phenomena because they were possessed of intellectual curiosity and wished to know the truth for the sake of truth. This was idealism. The names that are outstanding are Thales, Anaximander, Anaximenes, Heraclitus, Democritus, Pythagoras and Anaxagoras. Their lives filled seven successive generations, extending from a period shortly before 600 B. C. to a period shortly after 450 B. C.

For a long time prior to the seventh century B. C., Ionian thinkers had been interested in new discoveries about the nature and origin of the world, of mankind, and of the mysteries of life. Eventually they had decided that all things had developed from one original object or material. Thus early, in the dim recesses of history, a beginning was being made toward the development of a theory of evolution.

Thales of Miletus (about 600 B.C.) thought it likely that originally the earth had been all water and that, out of it, life and material objects had been evolved. He travelled widely and studied among the Chaldeans. From them he

learned how to predict an eclipse. When he returned to Miletus he foretold an eclipse in 585 B. C. It happened on the predicted day and thereafter the reputation of Thales was made. Until then, most Hellenes had viewed eclipses and many other natural phenomena as the handiwork of the gods. Now, Thales proclaimed that movements of terrestrial bodies were in accord with fixed, immutable laws.

Anaximander (c. 575 B. C.) of Miletus belonged to the next generation. He continued to experiment with new methods and ideas, becoming the first Hellenic pioneer of exact science. Anaximander is said to have introduced the sundial into Hellas. He also interested himself in the theory of evolution as suggested by the teachings of Thales, but went his master one better in developing his own theory of natural selection in order to explain the variations in forms of life. In this respect, Anaximander is the real founder of a biologic theory that upset the thinking world in the last century of our own era.

The next important philosopher of the Ionic school was Anaximenes of Miletus, about 550 B. C. who held that air was the origin of all life and matter.

Then came Pythagoras of Samos, about 525 B. C. He established a school of philosophy in Croton, in Southern Italy, which influenced minds for many generations. Pythagoras was both mathematician and mystic-moralist. In his eyes, numbers became the symbolic representation and ultimate ex-

planation of all things. He may be viewed as the creator of the mathematical theory of the musical scale. He also interested himself in the physics of musical tones. Yet the first purpose of the Pythagorean school was ethico-religious. Dissatisfied with local Hellenic cults, it sought to purify the soul by abstinence and by ceremonial mysteries. An excess of mysticism, however, caused the order to be expelled from Croton. Many of the followers spread through Hellas, and the resulting dissemination of views probably accounted for much of the fame of the founder.

In about 500 B. C., Heraclitus of Ephesus, called "the weeping philosopher" because he suffered from hay-fever, came to the fore. Heraclitus was of aristocratic birth and his fame spread far and wide. He had studied in Persia and may have been subject to Zarathustrian influence. He believed that fire was the original principle, out of which the soul was created. According to him "everything is and is not". His views were decidedly metaphysical and furnished strong support to the young Sophists who frequented the motherland.

One of the greatest, certainly one of the most influential of all Hellenic philosophers, was Anaxagoras of Clazomenae (near Smyrna). In about 475 B. C., he went to Athens and taught there until the outbreak of the Peloponnesian War. By his cool, objective point of view, by his strength of character and by virtue of his tremendous mathematical and astronomical wisdom, he attracted great

attention and respect. He instructed many of the men who were to make Athens famous: Pericles, Euripides, perhaps even Socrates, were among his students. His theories of natural laws and natural selection, despite the fact that he believed them to be controlled by one supreme and infinite God, brought against him charges of impiety by the polytheistic Athenians. His case was upheld vigorously by Pericles and he was acquitted; but shortly thereafter Anaxagoras retired to a new home on the shores of the Hellespont. Among his major accomplishments are the foundation of the atomic theory, and treatises on natural laws and on the mathematical laws of perspective.

Younger and almost as great was Democritus, about 430 B. C. Like Pythagoras and Anaxagoras, he concerned himself with laws regarding matter. He came finally to the conclusion that all matter is composed of atoms, all of which are alike, and all of which are ceaselessly in motion. Only by their arrangement and position might the objects that they composed vary; and even the varied appearance to us could be due only to our own sensations and perceptions.

There were many strong foundations of truth, and there was also much of a true scientific and philosophic spirit back of the works of the Ionians. While much that they speculated upon remained a mystery, and while their conclusions often are laughable to us, nevertheless what they did accom-

plish was tremendous when we consider that they were the first men of their age to probe the darkness of spiritual and material being which had enclosed their fellows for thousands of years. And their accomplishments seem still greater and more significant when we consider that they were completed without the aid of scientific paraphernalia or of backgrounds rich in the traditions of ancestral discoveries.

There were many other philosophers among the Aeolians and Ionians. Xenophanes of Colophon, a contemporary of Pythagoras and a poet as well as a philosopher, went also to Italy, where he founded the so-called Eleatic School. He was poet, satirist, historian, and philosopher. His fearless intelligence did not hesitate to scoff at deep and wordy philosophies of life. He remained a realist to the end, repudiating all that related to symbolism, mysticism, or to what he called the "anthropomorphic mythology". What interested him most was the unity of all life, existing under one God. One of Xenophanes's disciples, Parmenides, a contemporary of Heraclitus and Democritus, became the most famous of the Eleatic School.

The French author, Croiset, thinks that the great Hellenic philosophers of the fifth century B. C. —Parmenides, Heraclitus, Empedocles, Democritus, Anaxagoras, and Socrates of Athens, represent the real flowering of Hellenic philosophy, surpassing in worth the philosophic output of any other age in history. They laid the founda-

tions for the future studies of physics, mathematics, astronomy, meteorology, biology, geography, psychology, and other subjects, as these have come down to us, besides making contributions in music, poetry, history and philosophy. Later geographers, such as Strabo and Ptolemy, borrowed extensively from them. Even in the writings of Plato and of Aristotle we find evidence of the astonishment aroused by the subtle dialectics of Zeno of Elea (not the Stoic philosopher of Cyprus), a pupil of Parmenides, when he visited Athens.

Just as in later history the "Greek Scholars" of Byzantium poured into Italy and prepared the way for Humanism and the Renaissance, so did the Aeolian-Ionian scholars and artists pour into Athens and other cities of the Hellenic world during the later sixth and early fifth centuries B.C., and help to bring about a golden age for Greece proper and for the Greek cities of southern Italy and Sicily. In both instances the cause was somewhat similar: pressure from the East. In the case of the Renaissance Byzantines, pressure westward came from Turkish armies; the Hellenes of Ionia suffered from the advance of the Persians. Peace and prosperity are necessary for art and civilization to flourish; warfare is not

conducive to original and artistic activities.

Politically and culturally the strength of ancient Hellas crossed the Aegean Sea into the peninsula of Greece. The traditions of Aeolian-Ionian culture and fame were to be swallowed up in the notoriety achieved by the Age of Pericles—the "Golden Age of Athens". To me, however, it has always seemed that the older age deserves the higher praise and the greater glory. For in the century and a half that preceded the birth of Plato it had produced a score or more of famous thinkers, many of whom deserve to stand with the greatest of all time, and these in addition to poets, musicians, prose writers, historians and inventors. It was this vast, connected chain of Aeolian-Ionian culture that laid the foundation for scientific knowledge and for idealistic thought in the classical world. Sometimes the Ionian philosophers were carried into the clouds—among the high realms of metaphysics—and sometimes they directed their thoughts to earth and to material things, inculcating within the human intellect a foundation for pragmatism and empiricism. But in any event, the great men of Athens received from Aeolian-Ionian culture a rich heritage upon which they could build their future fame.

LLOYD WENDELL ESHLEMAN

## NEW BOOKS AND OLD

### THE SALVATION ARMY\*

[Geoffrey West's review shows how inspiration falters and dies when an organization tries to catch and contain it. And yet—there must be a way by which a shrine can be built whence the Light of that Inspiration will ever stream forth. The Line of Prophets is broken when the priests begin to take charge of it; Prophets are few and priests too many—the former are transmitters of inspiration, the latter are its murderers; between them stand the patriarchs who, catching the inspiration of the Prophets, revere the integrity of all human souls and refuse to dominate the free will of man which priests exploit. The world to-day needs Patriarchal Organisms wherein human minds may seek and find the way of the Prophets unhindered by the priests and aided by those who live by and in the spirit of sacrifice.—Eds.]

The story of William Booth and the founding and development of the Salvation Army as a worldwide organization is a long one, and Mr. Ervine has been at no pains to make it short. With immense industry he has collected and arranged a vast mass of facts relating to both. One can only regret a certain failure in the art of presentation, especially in the matter of selection; he presents well and vigorously, but he presents far too much.

Still, it is in its way a great story, and worthy of attention. For those who would study it in its fullness, here is the material. Nothing seems omitted that is known of Booth's humble parentage, his poverty-stricken childhood, his early religious fervour (he "submitted to God" when not yet fifteen), his youthful preaching, his pawnbroking purgatory, his always eager grasping of any opportunity "to spend my life and powers publishing the Saviour to a

lost world," his restless shifting from orthodox Methodism towards less formal reforming groups, his courtship and marriage (to the book's heroine!), his uneasy years as minister and travelling evangelist, his break with his superiors—in his thirty-third year—because they would not countenance the latter activity, his hard years (his family's too) as roving preacher, his launching of the East London Christian Mission, his struggle to acquire a suitable headquarters, and his gradual transformation of the Mission into the Salvation Army in the decade of the 'seventies. Thenceforward the story broadens, exchanging the mainly private and personal for the largely public and general. It is the story of the Army as a growing entity of which he was but the leader, of gathering regiments waging their Holy War for Salvation on a front spreading rapidly from land to land, facing every form of assault and obloquy with the joyous chant-

\**God's Soldier: General William Booth*. By ST. JOHN ERVINE. (William Heinemann, Ltd., London. Two Volumes. 36s.)

ing of hearts that know no doubt. Here again Mr. Ervine tells it all—campaigns, rumours, accusations, the gradual winning of public tolerance and then approval, the development of social work. Only towards the end does Booth emerge again, turning over the staff work of the Army to his son Bramwell and taking once more the centre of the evangelist's platform.

Significantly (but comprehensibly enough) it is with this final phase that the first large-scale discords in the Army organization become evident, continuing and growing right to the present and made especially plain in the unhappy deposition of Bramwell from the Generalship bequeathed him by his father. To this affair Mr. Ervine devotes an Epilogue of 213 pages. He might well have dealt with it, as with most matters in the book, more briefly, but he was entirely right to give it due attention.

For the case of William Booth and the Salvation Army is, for those who have eyes to see, absolutely illuminating. It is, in its largest implications, just the case of all the religiously inspired who have left organizations behind them to carry on their work. From Jesus to Madame Blavatsky (and before and after them) the essential process is the same. The quality of the originating inspiration is really quite irrelevant. Booth was narrow-minded, coarse-grained and uneducated, and the voice of the spirit working through him spoke naturally in narrow-minded, coarse-grained and

uneducated tones and terms. But it spoke, nevertheless, for some of his kind, and for some not of his kind, *with power*. He had the ability, no less than his fellows on higher planes, to change the lives of men and to draw them after him. He could, he did, "take Drunken Jack and turn him into Happy Jack."

The fact which distinguished the Salvation Army from most of the religious societies in England at that time (was) that its members were boisterously happy.

In his life, or at any rate up to a relatively late point in his life, he was a leader, filling his followers with the inspiration of his own spirit, so that they obeyed him joyfully even when he exiled them—as missionaries—to the ends of the earth. His organization was a living organization, an organism, because its life flowed directly out from him through all its parts. He was an autocrat, admittedly, as any man must be who *knows* the spirit of God speaking within him, and he was, up to a point, rightly so. Where he began to fail was when he turned aside from a purely spiritual leadership and sought to impose a purely earthly and legalistic dictatorship upon those who failed to recognize his power (to the extent of differing from him). Never perhaps has it been so necessary as now to understand the difference between dictatorship and leadership, that which compels a man to follow against his will and that which compels him to follow of his will. The attempt towards the former must spring from doubt

of ability for the latter; it is a sign of weakness and not of strength. Each of Booth's successive steps towards legalization of his autocracy marked the decline of the thing he had made from spiritual organism to material organization. The decline is plain in many respects. Typical and significant is his change of attitude towards Army ownership of property. In the early days, says Mr. Ervine, "he hated to see his soldiers building or buying halls.... because he feared.... they would become pew-renters, instead of serving soldiers". Later he at least acquiesced. But something of the true spirit burned living in him to the end; on his deathbed his thought was of the saving of souls: "Take me to a meeting.... and let me hear.... dear old Lawley say.... 'General.... here comes.... the fortieth for God!'"

So power never wholly failed in him; but he could not, unfortunately, bequeath that, even to his son. This is to say no more against Bramwell Booth—a wholly good man—than that he was not, as his father had been, that rare thing, a religious genius. It is always a hard lot to be a great man's son, and doubly hard when one is commanded to wear one's father's cloak. The inevitable happened. Lacking that spiritual ability which would have renewed or preserved the Army's organic quality, he turned naturally and of necessity to strengthening organization; he, "as he grew older, grew also in admiration for the methods by which the Society of Jesus is governed". The

spirit, and with it the glory, had departed. This perhaps was felt by Bramwell's opponents in the Army; it seems hardly to have been understood by them. They talked of democratic reorganization, but did nothing to make it effective, while such small change as they did make was, Mr. Ervine powerfully argues, not at all for the better.

The possibility that a William Booth would ever again become General of the Salvation Army was almost certainly prevented when election by the High Council was substituted for nomination by the General. Bureaucratic businessmen will henceforth rule the Army: men of high spiritual perception are now, humanly speaking, debarred from the Generalship, and perhaps from all great authority.... The prospect is dismal, and may justly cause those who admire the Army to fear that its life will be short and spiritually barren.

What is the conclusion to be drawn from the unhappy history? Is it, as Mr. Ervine believes, that the religious impulse is incapable of organization? It would seem so. There has never been a major religious body which has not come in action to direct contradiction of its founder's precepts or intentions. Where a new teaching, or the revival of an old, is concerned, one may conceive disciples grouping together that the Word may be preserved. But it must be in humility, content to present rather than interpret, demanding no infallibility but conceiving authority as direct between founder and follower. The grouping must, in effect, be absolutely democratic, that truth may be recognized by

its own light wherever its light may fall. For truth is a plant which grows only within, let its seed blow whence it will. Churches and Armies will not aid its growth,

once the originating incorporeal inspiration has faded to the point of necessitating legal incorporation; they can be, after that point, only obstacles.

GEOFFREY WEST

## HERBS AND HERB LORE

[H. Stanley Redgrove, B. Sc., F. I. C., reviews two books dealing with the very interesting but too much neglected topic of herbs: one from the pen of an Eastern, the other written by a Western. H. P. Blavatsky in her *Isis Unveiled* emphasised the mystic and occult properties of herbs:—

"The secrets of the herbs of dreams and enchantments are only lost to European science, and useless to say, too, are unknown to it, except in a few marked instances, such as opium and hashish. Yet, the psychical effects of even these few upon the human system are regarded as evidences of a temporary mental disorder. The women of Thessaly and Epirus, the female hierophants of the rites of Sabazius, did not carry their secrets away with the downfall of their sanctuaries. They are still preserved, and those who are aware of the nature of Soma, know the properties of other plants as well."]

I \*

In reviewing Mrs. Grieve's encyclopaedic work, *A Modern Herbal*, in THE ARYAN PATH, April, 1932 (Vol. III, p. 270), I gave expression to the following opinion:—

Nature... is so complex, that the mind of humanity cannot assimilate her otherwise than in a piecemeal manner. Progress in understanding must be effected by means of generalisation; but, since no partial generalisation can be quite correct, the mind can proceed only by neglecting certain seemingly small aspects of Nature which, so to speak, won't fit in with its general view of things. This neglect, however, must be only temporary. The mind of the race, if real progress is to be made, must pause, ever and anon, and review the situation. This time has arrived, I think, so far as the science of Medicine is concerned. In short, it would be well... to look over the medical lore of the ancients to see if there are certain facts which, in the general advance of knowledge have been forgotten.

This opinion, apparently, is not only shared by Lt.-Col. R. N. Chopra, M. A., M. D., who has recently written an extremely important work on the indigenous drugs of India; but his experimental studies, as recorded in this work, have completely justified it.

\* *The Indigenous Drugs of India: Their Medical and Economic Aspects.* By R. N. CHOPRA, M. A., M. D. (Cantab.) (The Art Press, Calcutta. Rs. 15.)

India itself. Then decline set in, and the old remedies were abandoned or else used in an unthinking manner. But as Dr. Chopra points out, "old systems cannot be summarily condemned as useless"; and he instances the very ancient Chinese remedy for heart trouble, namely the powdered heads of toad-fish, which recent scientific research has shown to be rich in adrenalin and, therefore, excellent for the purpose.

He considers that the time is ripe for a re-investigation of the ancient system of the Ayurveda, and has himself done no small share towards the achievement of this truly gigantic task. Each drug must be carefully identified, tested in the laboratory and, if utility is indicated, in the hospital, and its active principles separated and analysed.

There is a great need for useful drugs in India, for, although the country is admirably adapted for the cultivation of a great variety of drug-plants, cultivation is much neglected, and those medicinal plants which are grown are commonly sent to Europe for extraction of their active principles, the finished medicines being returned, in part, to India at a price beyond the means of the mass of the population.

Again and again in his book, Dr. Chopra emphasises the real need for the production in India of serviceable medicines from wild or easily cultivated plants, at a price which the poorest Indian can pay. Moreover, India might enrich herself and at the same time benefit the whole of humanity by exporting greatly increased quantities of crude drugs. If, however, she is to take a leading place among the drug-producing countries of the world, greater care must be exercised in several directions. Care must be taken in cultivation to secure the finest products; care must be taken to effect collection at those times of the year when the active principles are at their maximum; the ignorance of dealers—of which, incidentally, the present reviewer has had some experience—

who confuse one species with another, must be overcome; and adulteration, only too prevalent at the moment, must be absolutely eschewed.

In Part II, "The Potential Drug Resources of India," Dr. Chopra treats of a number of drugs, recognised by the British and American pharmacopoeias, which grow in India, details also being given of several Indian plants yielding products closely resembling the official drugs and which might, for economy's sake, be used in their place. This part contains much detailed information of practical interest, though it is rather a pity that it was not revised in accordance with the B.P. of 1932. Numerous references are given, but Dr. Chopra has failed to make acknowledgment to the present writer's article on Ginger, published in *The Pharmaceutical Journal* for July 19, 1930 (vol. 125, pp. 54-55), from which the greater part of his monograph on this drug appears to have been quoted.

In Part III, the author turns his attention to a consideration of the drugs used in the indigenous medicine, the greater number considered being drugs of vegetable origin. This section is of quite special interest. Dr. Chopra gives succinct accounts of the work done by himself and others to determine the medicinal value of the various drugs and of attempts to extract their active principles. In some instances, ancient beliefs in the efficacy of the drugs has not been justified; but, in a number of other cases, the drugs have been found to be of real value. The ancient belief in the virtues of garlic, for instance, seems to have been quite sound; and the utility of the drug is to some extent recognised in the western world, though it has not gained official recognition by the B. P. From *Boerhavia diffusa*, a plant whose medicinal value was taught by the Ayurveda, Dr. Chopra and his co-workers have isolated an alkaloidal substance, "punarnavine". This has a marked diuretic action, which is enhanced by the high percentage of

potassium nitrate and other potassium salts present. Many other instances could be quoted to show that the investigation of the ancient remedies has proved to be most emphatically worth while, did not considerations of space forbid.

Part IV, "Indian Materia Medica," contains a useful list of books and journals, a list of Indian medicinal plants, and inorganic and animal products used in the indigenous medicine, with vernacular names, uses, references, etc. Lists of plant remedies for snake bite and scorpion sting popularly employed in India are included; but experimental investigation has shown them not to be of use.

Part V contains a list of the common bazar medicines of India, brief details being appended in the case of those drugs not dealt with in the preceding sections of the book. The book has an index of Common Vernacular Names, as well as a General Index.

## II\*

It is an attractive speculation whether mankind first became interested in plants as potential foodstuffs or as potential medicines. Probably the former; but the fact remains that the medicinal use of herbs is extremely ancient, stretching back to prehistoric times; and, as the author (Mr. Richardson Wright) of a recently published work on the history of gardening remarks, the physic garden "specializing in plants from which medicines could be concocted . . . was the first of all specialized gardens".

Man's early experimenting with the medicinal virtues of herbs must have been a very hazardous affair; and it was only at the cost of many misadventures that knowledge gradually was gained. Perhaps one of the first lessons he learnt was the danger of bitterness, for it is a fact that many of the most potent plant poisons (including both alkaloids and glycosides) are characterised by extremely bitter

tastes. Then came the realisation that bitterness was not always deadly; and that the deadly herbs, used with discretion, had powers to heal.

Indeed, defining a poison as a substance capable of producing a violent physiological reaction, one might almost describe the history of medicine as the story of man's conquest of poisons, of his gradual learning how to use them aright.

Miss Wheelwright has written a decidedly interesting and instructive history of medicinal plants for the general reader, which appears at an opportune moment, since the view seems to be gaining ground that modern science has not yet said the last word concerning the medicinal virtues of herbs.

It is true that many of the old herbal remedies have disappeared from the new (1932) *British Pharmacopœia*. There we see reflected the tendency to replace herbs by the active principles extracted from them. When these principles are of a very potent character, there is much to be said in favour of this substitution, since it renders possible more exact dosage. On the other hand, there are medicinally useful herbs of a less potent character; and, moreover, there is the possibility—which, in certain cases, at any rate, seems to be more than a possibility—that associated with the chief active principles there are smaller quantities of other active substances which are lost in the process of extraction.

In a very interesting article by Frère Lazare, published in *Les Parfums de France*, reference is made to the work of the Paris Faculty of Medicine which

is undertaking numerous experiments, some of which have already given satisfactory results. These investigations have for object the thorough study of the vegetable drugs already in use and the discovery of new medicaments drawn from this source.

\* *The Physick Garden: Medicinal Plants and Their History.* By EDITH GREY WHEELWRIGHT. (Jonathan Cape, Ltd., London. 10s. 6d.)

Miss Wheelwright's book contains an interesting account of the work of Prof. Perrot, who is largely responsible for the increased interest in drug plants now being taken in France; and this account, perhaps, forms the most inspiring portion of her book. The state of affairs in England, where too great a reliance is placed on cheap foreign supplies of herbs, is less satisfactory. Reference is also made to the work in India of Prof. Chopra, who has recently instituted numerous researches into the chemical constituents and therapeutic value of drug plants used in indigenous systems of medicine.

The reader in the East will find Miss Wheelwright's second chapter, "The Medicine of some Early Races" of especial interest, for in it she deals with the ancient herb-lore of India, China and Mesopotamia. The medical systems of the ancients were largely empirical, and knowledge was freely admixed with superstition. The practice of trephining was, for example, common in China and elsewhere, and for the old reason—to allow a demon or confined spirit to escape. However, as modern research is showing, not all the medicinal lore of the ancients is to be despised. Miss Wheelwright remarks that "modern scientific research has shown that many of the old Hindu remedies were justified". Examples are given, one of special interest being *Holarrhena, antidyserterica*, Wall, a tree belonging to the Natural Order *Apocynaceae*, and known in India as Karchi or Kura (Hindustanee) or Kurchi (Bengali), whose bark has been found to contain active alkaloids (especially conessine) which render it useful in the treatment of dysentery, for which purpose it has been employed in India for many years.

China supplies another instance of an ancient herbal remedy whose utility has been thoroughly substantiated by recent scientific research. This is Ma Huang (*Ephedra equisetina*, Bunge and *E. sinica*, Stapf.). Used for ages by the Chinese as a cure for asthma, this

drug was entirely neglected by European scientists. It has recently been found, however, as Miss Wheelwright remarks,

To contain a medicinally valuable alkaloid, *ephedrine*, the hydrochloride of which is now official in the B. P., and is used in the treatment of asthma. Moreover the Chinese always held the idea that Ma Huang should be collected in the autumn. This practice has been justified by chemical analyses which show that the ephedrine content rises, by as much as nearly two hundred per cent. from spring to autumn.

The species *E. Gerardiana*, Wall, which is indigenous to India, is also a source of this valuable alkaloid.

The ancient Israelites were great lovers of spices and other aromatic products, to which there are many references in the Bible. Unfortunately, their identification is not always easy, owing partly to mistranslations and partly to the fact that, in the course of time, names have been transferred from certain products to others. Thus, the *cinnamon* of the Bible is not cinnamon, but is either cassia or some other aromatic product, and *kofer*, translated camphire, is not camphor, as some writers have supposed, but is almost certainly henna, as recognised by the R. V. Miss Wheelwright has some interesting things to say concerning the plants of the Bible, and has taken care to avoid the above and other errors of identification which have rendered worthless much that has been previously written on the subject.

Indeed, as I have already intimated, Miss Wheelwright has compiled a very informative book, and the story she has to tell is one of great human interest. Few tasks have called forth such enthusiasm and provoked such prolonged research as that of the conquest of disease. In its achievement, man has always turned to the physic garden for aid. Sometimes, it would seem, the physic garden has failed him; but, perhaps, when he has realised completely the potentialities of the herbal kingdom, therein he will find means for the task's complete achievement.

H. S. REDGROVE

## THE MODERN NOVEL

[Claude Houghton is gaining fame as a creator of a new type of novel: he has just published *This Was Ivor Trent*.—EDS.]

Most books have many defects, and the best of books invariably has one. The chief defect of this collection of essays is its brevity. Yes, its *brevity*. It is necessary to stress that, for, now-a-days, so many books, and notably novels, base their claim to consideration wholly on length—not breadth, or depth.

Brevity, however, was inevitable in this volume, for these essays first appeared as a series in *The Fortnightly Review*, where, doubtless, considerations of space were important. What is remarkable is that, with one or two exceptions, the contributors have succeeded admirably in indicating the main trends of the novel in the chief countries of Europe and in America.

This book, then, was written by professional writers, and will probably be read chiefly by authors. But what one would like to know is the impression it would create in the mind of an intelligent layman. Here are eight writers discussing tendencies of the modern novel in eight countries. Well, what would an intelligent layman make of it all?

Probably his chief discovery would be that, in the world of fiction as in all the other worlds, "chaos is come again". Essentially, novelists are trying to come to some sort of terms with an age in which all established certainties have crumbled. They find themselves surrounded by the debris of the old order. There are no rules, no roads; no traditions, and therefore no self-evident values. All things are fluid—all things are possible. What can a man believe? What can a man serve? "What can one man accomplish?"

But a writer has to *create*—and creation does not proceed from the void. Broadly, this book seems to

show that novelists have adopted one of three attitudes in which to confront a chaotic world. Either they have turned their backs to Present and Future; or they have become "subjective" experimenters (sometimes contortionists) wholly isolated from "ordinary, suffering, patient, and often humorously courageous humanity"; or they have become propagandists of a Soviet future, fiercely proclaiming—in G. K. Chesterton's phrase—that "there is no God, and Karl Marx is his prophet".

On the broadest lines, that is what each of the eight essays—in their very different ways—seems to reveal. In his admirable paper on England, Mr. Hugh Walpole states that, in 1914, there were a number of novelists, recognized as such. There was no question about it. Now, there is "*real* confusion". And—in his essay on France—Mr. Hamish Miles tells us that one very characteristic feature of the post-war novel is the absence of moral conflict. There are no clear-cut standards, and, therefore, the element of conflict no longer arises. Each individual is free to do what he likes and to believe what he likes. There is no tradition to restrain or to guide.

Significant sentences, selected almost at random, reveal either the "antagonism" between Past and Present—or the denial of both in a fanatical dream of the Future. Even in America, where special considerations apply, novelists are roughly divided into two schools: one subjects America to a merciless scrutiny: the other withdraws from the ugliness and turbulence of the Present and returns to the Past "in order to create worlds of romance". As to Germany, it is

\**Tendencies of the Modern Novel*. By HUGH WALPOLE and others (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 3s. 6d.)

only necessary to quote Wassermann's statement that "Society, State, family, economic life, presented a completely changed appearance: where the old prevailed it seemed to challenge destruction," to realize how inevitable is the fact that, in the world of fiction, as in all the other worlds, "chaos is come again".

As to Spain, Mr. Pritchett tells us, in one of the best essays of this collection, that, spiritually, Spain still belongs to an old peasant and feudal culture. "She has not yet shown what the effect of social upheaval upon her life will be." But her long isolationist tradition is ending. The movement is towards Europe. Most of her writers are deep in politics. "Literature in the meantime waits."

The Soviet novel of to-day wants to be an instrument of knowledge applied to the great task of the time. It wants to be a picture of its vast collective effort. Purposefulness, co-ordination with the social whole, and an approach to imaginative work as a form of knowledge—these are the three main characteristics of the new Soviet novel. . . The story turns on the rivalry of the three relays of workmen engaged in a particular part of construction, which of them will work better and hold the red flag. The issue is how many mixtures of concrete can be made in an hour. The story is told with extraordinary *brio*. . . .

Even admitting the *brio*, it is not surprising to learn that there is great interest "in the classic literatures of the world" and that translations of them are numerous and widely read.

Two essays remain: one dealing

with Italy, the other with Scandinavia. The former contains many comments on many writers—"In the recent works of Bontempelli we get the highest degree of actuality and life," is a fairly typical example—but little concerning the tendencies of modern Italian fiction. It reads like an inventory compiled in pseudo-scientific jargon. Fortunately, however, the last essay—Erik Mesterton's—is one of the best in the collection.

The chief tendencies in Scandinavian fiction are clearly and briefly revealed. "The flight to the Past" school produces the idyllic peasant novel which "as a picture of life is false, since it presents as peacefully existing an order of things which in reality is already destroyed or disintegrating . . . Superficially realistic, the tone betrays the falsity of attitude: the provincial idyll is of the past, and these writers can afford to be charmed because they are safely out of it."

Mr. Mesterton then reviews the work of the "post-war" school—the "subjective" experimenters—and, finally, gives a lucid account of the proletarian and the psycho-analytic novel.

This essay, and those of Mr. Hugh Walpole and Mr. Pritchett are notable achievements. Collectively, they occupy about sixty pages, but—in that narrow compass—the tendencies of the modern novel are clearly revealed.

This is a provocative, informative, exciting book.

CLAUDE HOUGHTON

*Philosophical Studies*. By the late J. McT. E. McTAGGART, D. Litt., edited by S. V. KEELING, M. A. (Edward Arnold and Co., London. 12s. 6d.)

Here are eleven essays in McTaggart's characteristic style. Most of the essays have appeared elsewhere and are well known to the students of his philosophy. Still Dr. Keeling deserves our thanks for gathering in a volume what was not easily available.

McTaggart was probably alone among his contemporaries to rely ex-

clusively on deductive reasoning in order to determine the ultimate nature of reality. He did not, it is true, adopt the dialectic method of his master, Hegel; but, nevertheless, from two such slender empirical premises as "something exists" and "what exists is differentiated," he built up his whole system by *a priori* reasoning, without any further reference to facts of experience.

When the prestige of science stood even higher than it does to-day, and

when philosophy was urged to take note of the results of science, or at least to adopt its method, McTaggart stoutly maintained that neither the results nor the method of science could be of any use to philosophy. At the same time he held philosophical knowledge to be of great practical importance, inasmuch as it decided some of the vital questions of the human spirit. In his opinion philosophy alone can tell us the nature and destiny of human personality, whether there is a God, and what we can hope for in the future.

He was favourably inclined towards mysticism, and believed it to be "one of the great forces of the world's history" (p. 46). Indeed his own philosophising ended in a form of mysticism. But there is a difference between his mysticism and other current forms. He did not base his mysticism on a mystical faculty of intuition, but supported it all along on intellectual reasoning of a very high order. He saw that "a mysticism which ignored the claims of the understanding would indeed be doomed" (p. 272). But he saw nothing wrong in a mysticism postulated by the understanding itself and reached by it through self-transcendence. As all mystics, he believed in the unreality of time, but his grounds were thoroughly rational. His main argument is that the characteristics of past, present, and future are essential to time; whatever occurs in a time-series must possess all these characteristics; they are incompatible with one another, and so time is an illusion (p. 281).

McTaggart had an original view of eternity. The eternal is no doubt taken as timeless, but whereas it is generally represented as ever present, McTaggart regarded it as the extreme future. His view is that what appears as later in time is really a more adequate representation of the timeless reality, and "since the future is later than the present, we must place the timeless reality in the future, and at the end of the future" (p. 147).

McTaggart did not believe in God,

but believed in the immortality of man. The immortality of man did not mean for him merely continued existence after death. He believed, like the Hindus, in the plurality of lives both before the birth and after the death of our present bodies. For him spirits alone are ultimately real, and his Absolute is an impersonal society of such spirits bound together in a relation of love, in which both subject and object enjoy equal importance. His earlier position was that the relation could not be knowledge or volition, in which either the object or the subject predominated, so that neither knowledge nor volition was absolutely real. This view is developed in one of his earliest writings, *The Further Determination of the Absolute*, which is the longest paper included in this volume. His later view, expressed in a note to the second edition of *Studies in Hegelian Cosmology*, in which the above paper, in a slightly modified form, originally appeared, was "that every state of consciousness in absolute reality is a state alike of knowledge, of volition and of love". It would have been well if that note had been reproduced here, or the editor had pointed out somewhere this change in McTaggart's view.

The last paper, *An Ontological Idealism*, which is a reprint of his contribution to *Contemporary British Philosophy*, I, of course gives the maturest expression of his philosophical views, but this paper, which covers less than twenty pages, is a summary of his masterpiece, *The Nature of Existence*, which runs to nearly eight hundred pages of closely reasoned philosophical writing, and it cannot naturally be expected that this bald summary will clearly express all his ideas. Especially his theory of determining correspondence, which is essential to his philosophy, is left rather obscure.

McTaggart was undoubtedly one of England's greatest philosophers in recent times. *The Nature of Existence* is classed with such recognized classics as the *Enneads* of Plotinus, the *Ethics*

of Spinoza and the *Encyclopædia* of Hegel. But it is doubtful whether McTaggart will ever have many followers. His position that both unity and difference are equally fundamental in ultimate reality, as well as his view that spirits have parts (which are their perceptions) and perceive one another directly and as having parts, will remain incomprehensible to many. But in spite of these and other difficulties involved in his conclusions, the philosophy of McTaggart is one of

the finest examples of sustained effort at honest, consecutive thinking, which is at once subtle and profound. Besides, his writing is a perfect model of what philosophical writing should be, always clear and precise, and free from all manner of verbosity. All the virtues of McTaggart's thought and writing are fully present in these essays, and no serious student can study them without lasting profit and enlightenment.

RASVIHARY DAS

*Thirty Years in the Wilderness*. By P. G. McCULLOCH (Rider & Co., London. 7s. 6d.)

This book describes the experiences of an unbeliever who, through doubt and despair, has fought his way to truth. It is the cry of a man delighting in the freedom of his inner self; but it is also a passionate protest against the meaningless ritualism and outworn dogmas of orthodox Christianity.

After endless adventures among the great philosophies and religions of the world, the author is convinced at last of a "definite purpose underlying the whole scheme of creation," of Karma, of Reincarnation, and of Free Will. All the ills of life are the offspring of

our own deeds; and man, the doer, is master of his fate. Freedom, therefore, is not a gift from without, but a conquest through man's sleepless endeavours; he has freedom even to err. Emancipation may be the result of the evolutionary process of one age or of many a cycle of births and deaths; hence the necessity for reincarnation.

The way out of the perplexities of life lies through the eradication of all the giant passions and desires that obscure our real self; and such an eradication springs from love and the total annihilation of the lower self. Here we find the wise and reasonable ethical system of Buddhism melting into the idealism of the Vedantists.

R. S. DESIKAN

*Outline of Modern Belief: Modern Science, Modern Thought, Religious Thought*, Vol. I. Edited By J. W. N. SULLIVAN and WALTER GRIERSON. (George Newnes Ltd., London. 1s.)

This first of about twenty-four proposed parts of the *Outline of Modern Belief* presents "certain facts, about a number of things, as well as beliefs for which firm knowledge cannot as yet be claimed". The Editors truthfully remark: —

So far are the findings of Science, in many directions, from finality and certainty that the title of this work... is as appropriate for modern science as for the other branches of modern thought that are dealt with.

The section with the promising title, "The Development of Religious Thought and Modern Discovery" is disappointingly confined almost exclusively to tracing the historical evolution of the three Western religions, especially the influence of the Hebrew religion and Greek philosophy on modern Christianity. It takes us back only to the nomads of Mesopotamia and the Babylonian and Assyrian Empire, and quite ignores India's significant place in the development of world thought. *Outline of Modern Western Belief* would, therefore, be a more appropriate title for this book.

K. F. V.

*Coleridge on Imagination.* By I. A. RICHARDS, Litt. D. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co., Ltd., London. 8s. 6d.)

To expound Coleridge is to expound a theory of poetry, a psychology of meaning and an idealistic philosophy. It is no exaggeration to say that the aspiration of Coleridge and of Mr. Richards is largely an achievement in ancient Indian poetics. The *Dhvani* school states the fundamentals of the situation in wellnigh final words. Its analysis of meaning is so thorough that a wholly new effort like that of Mr. Richards appears a sheer waste of energy. Science will advance much more rapidly if the Indian contribution is assimilated.

Three different types of meanings are distinguished, the usual literal meaning, the figurative meaning and the suggested meaning. *Dhvanyaloka* begins with the statement that *Dhvani* or resonance is the soul of poetry :

काव्यस्यात्मा ध्वनिः । यत्रार्थः शब्दो वा  
तमर्थमुपसर्जनीकृत स्वार्थैः । व्यङ्गः काव्य  
विशेषः । स ध्वनिरिति सूरभिः कथितः ॥  
ध्वन्यालोक १, १३.

Every word trails some kind of meaning-fringe and the poet by his extraordinary skill (अलौकिक चमत्कार) summons up a thing of beauty. *Dhvani* falls into two types: (1) *Avivakshita-Vachya* where the suggestion overshadows the literal meaning, and (2) *Vivakshitānyapara-Vachya*, in which the literal meaning leads to the suggested sense. Two sub-classes of the first type are distinguished:—(a) *Atyantatiraskatry-Vachya*, that in which the obvious meaning is completely abandoned as in "Brutus is an honourable man" towards the close of Antony's oration and (b) *Arthantarasan-kramita*, in which the surface sense leads to the suggested meaning as in the famous lines,

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.  
The second main variety, *Vivakshitānyapara*, again, falls into two classes (a) *Asamlakshyakrama*, where the transition between the usual and the

new meaning is imperceptible and (b) *Samlakshyakrama Vyāgya*, where it is distinctly perceptible. The former includes some of the finest dramatic achievements in poetry as in Lear's pitiful "Undo the button," while on the verge of insanity. This effect is again analysed from the standpoint of the many different types of emotion suggested and their permutations and combinations. The second class involves a gradual transition between the usual sense and the suggestion. Much meditative poetry is of this kind, of which Gray's *Elegy* is an admirable example.

The distinction between imagination and fancy forms an integral part of the *Dhvani* theory. Imagination is the true poetic power and involves the two-fold activity of vision and expression. Of the two parts of the theory, *rasa* and *dhvani*, *rasa* corresponds to the Intuition and *dhvani* to the Expression or Communication, to use the terms popularised by Croce. This is distinguished sharply from fancy or *alankara*. In fact poetry is distinguished into three classes from the standpoint of suggestion:—(1) The best kind, in which suggestion is dominant; (2) the middling kind, in which suggestion is in the background, and (3) the lowest, in which figures and conceits abound.

Indian poetics does not mix up metaphysics and poetry. But the philosophical background colours the different theories of *rasa* or aesthetic experience. The realistic tradition makes use of the Sankhya theory of world-evolution and interprets the aesthetic emotion on the analogy of the cosmic panorama (*nati* or dancer) developing an eye to enable the Spirit to behold it. The three-fold strands of primordial matter (*Prakriti*)—*sattva*, *rajas* and *tamas*—stain the white radiance of Spirit (*Purusha*) both in life and art. And, as is well known, the Upanishadic idealism thinks of art as capturing the eternal unheard melody that is in the heart of things—*Nada Brahma, asrutam srutam*.

Mr. Richards' present book seems

like a skirmish before the real battle begins and arouses expectations of im-

portant future developments.

M. A. VENKATA RAO

*Faiths Men Live By.* By JOHN CLARK ARCHER. (Thomas Nelson and Sons, New York.)

*A History of Religions.* By DENIS SAURAT. (Jonathan Cape, London. 12s. 6d.)

*Fact and Faith.* By J. B. S. HALDANE, F. R. S. (Watts and Co., London. 1s.)

"No one can study ancient philosophies seriously without perceiving that the striking similitude of conception between all—in their exoteric form very often, in their hidden spirit invariably—is the result of no mere coincidence, but of a concurrent design: and that there was, during the youth of mankind, one language, one knowledge, one universal religion, when there were no churches, no creeds or sects, but when every man was a priest unto himself."—*The Secret Doctrine*, I. 341

It is just because of this once universally diffused Wisdom that Mr. Archer is constantly struck by the "amazing similarities" (p. 467) found in the world's religions. How did these similarities arise? Mr. Archer says that nearly every faith was influenced at its beginning by a previous one (p. 5.), and that on the form side they have all sprung from primitivism (p. 2.) If this were so, one result would be that each succeeding religion would be superior both in content and form to its predecessor, but we know as a historical fact that this is not so. On the contrary some of the old religious philosophies e. g., *The Upanishads*, are infinitely superior to their modern heirs while the form side is seen to have degenerated a symbolism full of meaning as presented in the Mysteries into empty exoteric ceremonialism and ugly phallicism.

We have to abandon Mr. Archer's theory. There is another propounded by Krishna in the *Bhagavad-Gita* where he speaks of the rise and fall of religious ideas. "I produce myself among creatures whenever

there is a decline of virtue and an insurrection of vice and injustice in the world; and thus I incarnate from age to age." That is, when unrighteousness flourishes, when the Dark Age approaches and the "mighty art" is lost, there is a recrudescence of Light and Wisdom. This is an ancient teaching well known in the East and hinted at, perhaps unconsciously to himself, by Mr. Archer. It will explain the phenomenon he notes but fails to understand. Once grant the existence of a body of Truth which advancing human consciousness rediscovers for itself, and the difficulties standing in the way of Mr. Archer vanish. He writes:—

The great reformers have not taught a new religion; they have sought to deepen the spiritual life of men. They have imposed upon mankind no authority beyond the spirit... The honour that we do ourselves must perish, if it does not flow from reverence for our ancient leaders. Nor is that true honour to the present which tacitly insults the memory of the past. It is not modern to scoff at Shankara, Buddha, Jesus and Aquinas... We profit by the race's long experience; time makes ancient forms uncouth, while ancient good is everlasting... Mohammed, Buddha, Jesus and Confucius were not acquainted with each other. They never walked a common road, then parted. Had they trod the common way, they would not have parted... Differences have been established by disciples... A faith may have peculiar values for its followers, but truth is one, and contradiction in essentials must appear unreasonable, immoral and spiritually deficient. Sentiment may not do duty as conviction. (pp. 469-70)

Did not the great reformers walk a common road? How else account for Mr. Archer's own conclusions? How else could we find often identical teachings in ancient China, Egypt, Mexico, South America and India, many of which are considered by Mr. Archer? Truth is one. It is that Truth which the great reformers have taught—that same Truth which the courageous and persistent student must rediscover for himself and recognize as that Wisdom known in all

ages as Brahma-Vidya or Theo-Sophia, Bodhi-Dharma or Wisdom-Religion.

Mr. Archer is a Christian who sees in his chosen faith "peculiar values for its followers," but he is a sincere searcher for Truth.

Mr. Saurat's point of view is very different. He too calls himself a Christian and sees in Christianity the only saving religion for man: "The conception of Divine Love is like a streak of lightning in the night: there was no light before . . . This is the essential proof of the reality of Jesus" (p. 196). The 'oriental religions' afford him no light or satisfaction; he writes: "We can do nothing with Oriental religions." (*Including Christianity?*)

The book is cleverly written, but is not a history, nor is it a philosophical survey. It is a brief for Christianity and belittles Hinduism, Buddhism, Occultism, Mysticism and Theosophy; many scriptures are held up to ridicule in order to prove the superiority of those of the Christians and the Jews.

Professor Haldane strikes a fresh

chord, a natural modulation from these studies of religious history. While his premises as to the origin of the earth, man, life etc., would not be accepted by the Ancient Philosophers, he is honest and sincere, and in more than one instance comes closer to the Archaic Teachings than Mr. Archer and Mr. Saurat. His insistence on Law and Order in place of a capricious miracle-working and most inhuman extra-cosmic god; his substitution of a scientific basis for brotherhood for wrangling adherence to impossible creeds or sentimental emotionalism, and his recognition of reincarnation as a possible and probable law of Nature in its cyclic progress, which he explains in his own way, are a relief to minds tortured out of all recognition by the grotesque absurdities of religionists. The book is bright and entertaining. As an agnostic Professor Haldane comes nearer Truth than those he laughingly dubs the "god-makers". But he chills rather than warms the heart.

T.

*Morality and Reality: An Essay on Life.* By E GRAHAM HOWE, M.B., B.S. (Gerald Howe Ltd., London. 6s.)

Here we have a naturalistic interpretation of life and the law underlying it, which Dr. Howe calls the "Law of Reality." Our view of reality should not contradict the facts of life. Dr. Howe's view of reality transforms morality to "a matter of form. It is a behaviour about Reality." Morality to him is essentially practical and clinical. The criterion of morality is not its approximation to truth but its acceptance of the Law of Reality. That morality is good which is the same as Reality and moves with Reality. The purpose of morality is both "a convenience and convention". Dr. Howe tells us that we should take life as a whole, not rejecting its unhappy aspects but accepting the stark facts of life and fighting them. He discusses

in two lectures the function of education, and the part played by the family, the school and society in the development of the morals of the child. He is not in favour of repression. He wants us not to thwart our instincts but to train them. The school, the family and society should make the child, and educate him to accept the Law of Reality. Happiness is conditioned not by getting what we want but by wanting what we can get.

Dr. Howe's interpretation of morality arises out of a confusion between the naturalistic and the ethical view of life. We cannot surrender our reason and make instinct our guide. To reduce morality to instincts and emotions is to mistake material laws for moral laws. Dr. Howe has given us physiology and biology—not ethics.

P. NAGARAJA RAO

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NEW BOOKS AND OLD

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*The Mysteries of the Atom.* By H. A. WILSON, M. A., M. Sc., F. R. S. (Chapman and Hall, Ltd., London. 10s. 6d.)

The distinguished author of this book is Professor of Physics at the Rice Institute, Houston, Texas. He is well known as a contributor in no small measure to the researches that have so completely revolutionised the outlook on atomic and cosmical physics since the beginning of the present century.

Excluding a valuable and extended series of appendices for the benefit of the more mathematically minded, he tells us, in the space of some 110 pages, the story of this revolution in physical thought with a lucidity and a simplicity that brings it within the reach of all people of education.

What, in brief, does this amount to? We may say of nineteenth-century physics that it was a conception of matter as consisting of small particles or atoms to which the system of Newtonian Mechanics was rigidly applicable; further, that these particles, comprising the whole of the material part of the universe, were contained and distributed in a space that was completely filled by a medium known as the ether, and that this ether was of the nature of an elastic fluid. Further, light was regarded as a phenomenon of wave motion in the ether. Finally, we may add that inasmuch as each particle of matter was behaving and moving in strict accordance with the laws of motion known to be applicable to heavy bodies, not only could such motions and the consequences of the mutual interactions of these atomic units be calculated with great accuracy, but their future positions and inter-

relationships were also accurately predictable. There was thus embodied in the scheme of physics of the nineteenth century the logical corollary of a principle of determinism.

In the world of Western science, theories legitimately hold the field so long as they conform with mathematical analysis and the test of experimental investigation. When either or both break down, the theories must be replaced. That has happened in fact to the whole field of atomic physics. One by one these cherished conceptions have had to go. Matter is now regarded as electricity and nothing else. In place of the simple "one" of the atom, we have the central "proton" of positive electricity, with its attendant systems of "electrons" of negative electricity. Also, as with matter, so with the "medium" in which it is situated, and with the light which travels through that medium. The ether has had to go the way of the atom. Its so-called geometrical and physical properties are in fact the properties of "empty space". In place of the wave-theory, too, we now have a partial reversion to the corpuscular theory of Newtonian days, the corpuscles in question being what are called "photons".

So we have our electrons, our protons, and our photons. And finally, in place of the principle of determinism of the nineteenth century, the idea of "certainties" has had to be replaced by that of "possibles," and so we now have a theory of probabilities. All this, and indeed much more, Professor Wilson tells us in his fascinating and well-written book, which we most heartily commend to all.

IVOR B. HART

## CORRESPONDENCE

### PSEUDO-RELIGIONS IN JAPAN

The morning sun of the New Year, 1935, rose upon an array of pseudo-religions in Japan. It was not so a year ago. Many of the Japanese pseudo-religions have arisen within the last half-year. Only a month ago one of them with the beautiful name, "Kodo Nichigetsu Kyo" or "Imperial Way of the Sun and the Moon Religion," was ordered by the police to be dissolved. Nevertheless, these folk-religions are sweeping the country like wild fire. Though they are miscalled religions, still they are doing much to appease the people's discontent with the times.

Unlike similar religions which have long existed among certain classes of people, the new cults contain in their faith such elements as can ease the sufferings of people by simple means. "Hito no Michi" or "Way of Man" is the largest cult. It is a strong concoction of Shintoism, Christianity and Buddhism. No deep thought, however, has been adopted from such world-religions, but only an easy way of salvation. The salvation of Hito no Michi is so simple that a believer can lay all his sufferings on the abbot of the church, who on his part bears them in behalf of God. Under the heavy weight of human sufferings gathered from each believer the abbot is said to be mentally and physically weakened in the course of the month until he gets relieved of them all at once towards the month's end, when a purification ceremony takes place. No religion can be simpler in easing the people's anxieties. The believer does not need to be taught any doctrines beyond elemental ethical principles. These he is taught at the church by evangelists under the Imperial Rescript on Education.

This church has a new feature, quite timely when there are millions out of work throughout the country,

i. e., giving a free morning meal to the congregation after the service at dawn. The practice of early rising must be a service to the employer. There is no reason why it should fail to obtain support from business people. Hito no Michi has come to be supported by the proprietor of a large publishing house, the Shuncho Sha, to such a degree that he is on the governing board of this religious organization and all of his employees now are members of this spiritual society.

Hito no Michi can claim an important position at the present day, when the majority of people are ready to grasp at a straw, but it is questionable whether it should be called a religion. As an advocate of early rising it no doubt has a right to exist, but there are too many pseudo-religions in Japan which can claim no credit. The founders of some of these are people with a questionable past. They talk of ethics, but also of miracles and salvation through monetary sacrifice to the deity personified in themselves. It is taught that God's message experienced and given by the priests of those religions must never be neglected by the followers. A poor man may be told to work harder for his ailment of indigestion; a richer one, to make pecuniary offerings to God. Strangely enough, great temples are being built in various large cities to house these pseudo-religious bodies, and the number of their followers is increasing.

These new churches excel in propaganda. They use the newest technique of journalism. What they want most is to increase their numbers. In a sense, they are like Nazi volunteer labour groups. It is interesting that many converted Communists are serving their cause and still more young unemployed journalists who have been walking the streets are now in their camps.

KANESADA HANAZONO

## ENDS AND SAYINGS

"  
ends of verse  
And sayings of philosophers."

HUDIBRAS.

The aims and ideals of the League of Nations' organization for fostering *rapprochement* among thoughtful minds everywhere are widely known. One of the most significant publications of its International Institute for Intellectual Co-operation at Paris is the fourth in a series of Open Letters, just published under the title, *East and West*. In this epistolary exchange Prof. Gilbert Murray, the eminent humanist who heads the Geneva Committee of Intellectual Co-operation, and Dr. Rabindranath Tagore discuss those aims and the obstacles in the way of their realization.

Each is eminently qualified to speak for the culture which produced him, and their respective views present an interesting difference of emphasis quite characteristic of Oriental and Occidental attitudes.

Prof. Murray sees a major cause of friction in the exaggerated regard for the surface differences of those of unlike backgrounds. "Infinitesimal peculiarities are noted and interpreted as having some great moral significance." And he regards as the first step towards international understanding "a recognition that our national habits are not the unfailing canon by which those of other peoples must be judged."

A long step from insularity has been taken when that becomes a working conviction. If only men would free themselves from unessential and accidental backgrounds and meet each other as *human beings*, as responsible participants in a human family, and as cultural agents there would remain little scope for misunderstanding. The modern nationalistic complex bars the way; false patriotism, that feeds the sense of separateness and exclusiveness.

The East has grievances deeper than prejudice against the Occident, as Dr. Tagore points out. The strain of idealism which runs through Western thought, the Western social conscience, the sense of fair play and honest zeal for truth which save the West from utter bleak materialism, are like clear water under the oily scum of brutal strength and greed, of "terrible efficiency," of ruthlessness, which is the aspect that the East has learned to recognize and fear. The attempt of Eastern minds to penetrate below that surface film to realize their kinship with the West is an arduous adventure of faith, beside which the pearl-diver's daring fades into insignificance. It is not the Westernized Oriental who can succeed in that attempt, for, as Dr. Tagore suggests, only the mind "matured

in the atmosphere of a profound knowledge of its own country, and of the perfect thoughts that have been produced in that land, is ready to accept and assimilate the cultures that come from foreign countries."

Prof. Murray cites Mme. Curie's recognition that during the World War "the intellectual leaders in the various nations had been not better but, if anything, worse than the common people in the bitterness and injustice of their feelings". Intellectual interchange alone will never bridge the gap. Dr. Tagore points out that the wide commerce of ideas which improved communications make possible has often augmented external differences instead of bringing humanity together.

It is difficult to convince people, on the intellectual plane alone, of the fundamental unity of the human family. What is needed is a new orientation of attitude, an altogether different kind of ideation. This can be achieved only by inducing an essentially moral outlook in the life of individuals all over the world. The morally awakened man or woman alone will be able to perceive the basic unity and harmony of the whole human family, and therefore to succeed in expressing that perception in actual life.

Religions, which should unify mankind, are among the chief factors strengthening separateness, not alone in the East, always

preoccupied with things of the Spirit, but also in the West, for all its absorption in material interests. The world's faiths can be harmonized, but only by emphasizing the basic elements common to all and minimising unique accretions. Dr. Tagore condemns sectarian prejudices and calumnies in no uncertain terms :—

Men have often made perverse use of their religion, building with it permanent walls to ensure their own separateness. Christianity, when it minimises its spiritual truth, which is universal, and emphasizes its dogmatic side, which is a mere accretion of time, has the same effect of creating a mental obstruction which leads to the misunderstanding of people who are outside its pale.... The fact stands out clearly to-day that the Divinity dwelling within the heart of man cannot be kept immured any longer in the darkness of particular temples.

In that direction and not in mere intellectual appreciation of foreign cultures lies the way. Prof. Murray's method is healing the discords of the political and material world by the magic of that inward community of spiritual life which even amid our worst failures reveals to us Children of Men our brotherhood and our high destiny.

Humanity needs to be brought under the awakening influence of a spiritual philosophy grounded on the principle of self-responsibility of man, with its necessary implication of the law of Karma-Reincarnation, and on the fact of human interdependence, with its corollaries of collective progress and common evolution.